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The Week

IN European affairs, the past week has been the lull before the storm. The new German offer, and the French and British attitude toward it have, of course, been the outstanding development in the news. Germany offers 1,200,000,000 gold marks annually beginning in 1927, guaranteed by a virtual first mortgage on railways, tariffs, business, industry, banking, trade, traffic and agriculture. More important still, she repeats her willingness to have the amount she is to pay revised by an international committee under the "Hughes plan." To this complete surrender the French reply with a demand that passive resistance in the Ruhr shall end before negotiations are opened, which seems adequate evidence that M. Poincaré is not concerned with payment but with postponing as long as possible the withdrawal from the Ruhr. Lord Curzon has urged the French to make the new offer the basis of negotiations, tentatively promising that if this is done, Great Britain will ask Germany to yield on the point of passive resistance in the Ruhr. M. Poincaré is therefore in a position where his true purpose must soon be revealed to all the world.

TROUBLE in the Balkans looms again with the overthrow of the agrarian government in Bulgaria. The revolution which deposed Stambulisky was a revolt of town against country, though the real power of Bulgaria continues as always in the hands of the peasants. The ostensible reason for the coup was Stambulisky's failure to secure concessions at the Lausanne conference, plus, it is supposed, the ambition to emulate Turkey in successfully defying the treaty terms imposed by the Allies. Meanwhile, the Russian situation remains, on the surface at least, unchanged. The Soviet government, while it resents the British demand for withdrawal of the envoys to Persia, Afghanistan and Turkestan, is evidently determined not to allow the quarrel to develop into an open break. Possibly a reason for this is to be found in the rumors with which the European capitals are filled that fresh plans for a counter-revolution and the restoration of the monarchy are about to be launched on a large scale. The American Relief Administration will withdraw from the Russian field in the course of another month, though the Friends will continue their efforts at reconstruction in the famine regions.

IN the United States, prohibition continues to hold the centre of the stage. As a result of the repeal of the Mullan-Gage prohibition law in New York State, police in New York City will aid the federal authorities in preventing violations of the law only when they see illegal acts in the course of being committed. The result at least for the present is a condition of chaos from which the bootleggers will profit largely. Meanwhile, the new regulations of the Treasury Department as to liquor on foreign ships entering American waters have gone into effect, against the urgent protests of nearly all maritime nations. Light on our own shipping problem is furnished by Mr. Lasker, whose parting shot as he resigns as Chairman of the Shipping Board contains more good sense on the shipping problem than all the rest of his public utterances put together. Attacks on the twelve-hour day in steel continue to be made from a number of sources including in particular the church organizations. An extended conference

in Washington has decided that religion is an excellent thing for the enlisted man in the army and navy, and has taken the usual sideswipe at "pacifism," without however explaining what pacifism means. Melville E. Stone, former head of the Associated Press, the president of Armour & Co. and a leading Standard Oil man have all made speeches deploring government interference with business. President Harding partially agreed with them to the extent of making a public statement that we have too much government, and that it costs more than it should.

THE most remarkable achievements of the week were without a doubt in the field of electrical science. In a laboratory a 2,000,000-volt flash of lightning was produced artificially for the first time in history. A convention of electric-light men in New York was made the occasion for simultaneous broadcasting of speeches by radio from a number of stations, covering the entire United States and probably the entire world, so that the speakers addressed an audience almost certainly numbered high in the millions. At the same time it was announced that by a new device private conversations are now possible by radio, the words of the speakers being "scrambled" at one end of their air journey and "unscrambled" at the other. Finally, plans were revealed for developing electric power throughout the United States in one gigantic system, which if privately owned and operated would be one of the biggest trusts in history. While the size of the world was thus being reduced by the electricians, support continued to appear for the proposal that the United States enter the International Court of Justice, Jim Watson of Indiana, and Chancellor E. E. Brown of New York University being among the latest recruits. The week's most important economic development, unquestionably, is the plan of the United Mine Workers for nationalization of the coal mines by peaceable purchase, over a period of fifty years, discussed elsewhere in this issue.

IN the recent Bulgarian elections Premier Stambulisky and his party received an overwhelming majority of all the votes cast. With due allowance for official juggling of the returns, the agrarians exhibited a strength far superior to that of all other parties combined. Nevertheless, the government was overturned in a day by a bloodless military revolution. The explanation seems to be that in the small volunteer army left to Bulgaria by the peace treaty, the peasant element dropped out leaving the reactionary clique in control. Stambulisky would have been wiser if he had followed the example of Red Russia, and had assured himself that every soldier under arms was heart and soul with his régime.

THE great bulk of the Bulgarian population is peasant. And the Bulgarian peasant is noted for his independence, hard sense and physical courage. It is inconceivable that he can be held down long by a mere handful of military adventurers supported by the shopkeepers and professional men of the cities. But it must be remembered that Bulgaria is not isolated and free to work out her own destinies. There are on her soil thousands of refugee soldiers of fortune from the armies of Denikin and Wrangel who would be glad to enlist under the banner of the Whites, in the hope that a movement might be got under way which would not stop at the Bulgarian boundaries. It is not far from the Balkans to the Ukraine.

THERE are two questions raised by Mr. Garvan's defence of the confiscation of the German patents. The first has to do with the desirability of granting to alien patentees—or citizen patentees—such power to restrain trade and throttle competition as Mr. Garvan charges the German patentees with exercising. We are strongly of the opinion that such powers are anti-social and should be shorn off by appropriate general legislation. The other question concerns the treatment of enemy property in war. Down to the world war the practice of enlightened nations had protected private interests such as these of the German patentees. If it was found necessary to seize such property, it was held in trust to be returned upon the restoration of peace. All foreign investments made in America were made on the tacit assumption that this rule would be observed. If we abrogate the rule and apply a new one of confiscation, our case against retroactive measures affecting the property interests of our citizens in Mexico and Russia loses all its moral force. We cannot defend confiscation on the ground that the properties in question were managed in a way injurious to our national interests, unless we are ready to admit a similar defence for confiscation of American property by other countries.

THE allegation that President Wilson and Mr. Polk were duped into giving authorization to the original sale of the German patents, is not, on its face, improbable. Neither of these gentlemen can make out a good case for infallibility. But the argument that the acts of a president under war legislation should not be subject to review by the courts, on the ground that such a contingency would cloud his counsels with doubt and clog his action with hesitation, is absurd enough to show in what straits the defence finds itself. On the contrary, where decisions of great moment must be taken, the responsibility of the executive under laws which confer unusual powers upon him is more than ever a matter of the morale of government. Particularly is this the case with respect to legislation which

determines the relations of the government to its own citizens in war time. Otherwise war becomes the barbecue of profiteering which Mr. Garvan and his associates seem to have found it.

THE idea still prevalent in some circles that the war left Germany essentially prosperous and France prostrate is not borne out by two dispatches in the same issue of the New York Times. One is the report of the British Board of Trade showing the rapid recovery of France. The production of iron, which was 5,207,000 metric tons in 1913, attained the amount of 5,128,000 tons in 1922. Steel, which counted 4,687,000 tons in 1913, came back to 4,371,000 tons in 1922. Coal shows a falling off of 25 percent. Imports and exports have both increased slightly in tonnage. Cotton, woolen, and silk manufactures are flourishing. The report remarks significantly: "The reconstruction or rehabilitation of the 22,000 factories in the devastated areas will result in a notable increase of the productive capacity of the North in comparison with its pre-war capacity."

ON the other hand, Germany's condition is revealed in figures compiled by the Frankfurter Zeitung. The Germans have been obliged to cut down their consumption of bread stuffs to 73 percent, of potatoes to 49 percent, of meat to 67 percent, and the same of coffee. The importation of luxury foods fell from £28,500,000 in 1913 to £11,600,000 in 1922, and of luxury manufactures from £9,900,000 in 1913 to £1,900,000 in 1922. Even these imports are ascribed by the compiler to the demands of large numbers of foreigners in the country.

FORMAL organizations have opened headquarters in California and also in Texas to boom Ford for President. On their heels comes an interview with the Flivver King which may well cause his enemies to shiver in their boots. Henry is for prohibition. Not only does he approve of it, but he wants the army and navy put to the "useful and constructive work" of stamping out the bootlegger. He could say nothing which would better advance his candidacy in the quarter which is just now most important politically—the Middle West. Not only is that section, except a few big cities, persistently and fanatically dry, but it resents the expenditure of taxpayers' money to keep the army and navy in what it regards as luxurious ease. What he proposes is probably impossible under the law, since the army cannot interfere in civil affairs unless a state of martial law has been declared, and this can only be done at a time of grave crisis. However, for political purposes Mr. Ford's proposal is just as good as though it made sense. If he really has his eye on the White House, as now seems undoubtedly the

case, he has said exactly the right thing. The political bosses who have been regarding him with amusement as the joke from Detroit, might well ponder the political astuteness he is now displaying.

BACK in the good old days before the Civil War, the man who bought a Southern plantation took the slaves as well. To an editorial writer in the New York Evening Journal—who is either Arthur Brisbane or his double—and to Mr. Frank A. Munsey, who reprints his efforts with obvious approval, it seems that somewhat the same rule should apply today to both editors and readers when a newspaper changes hands. Mr. Munsey, as readers of The New Republic will remember, recently bought the New York Globe and combined it with his Evening Sun. He is supposed to have been interested chiefly in securing an Associated Press franchise for the latter, and this view is somewhat substantiated by the fact that he permitted a number of the Globe's ablest and best known writers to be taken over by competing evening papers, notably the Evening World and the Mail. These competitors, naturally, have used large advertising space to tell former Globe readers where they may find the daily coruscations of their favorite authors. To Mr. Hearst's Evening Journal, this seems so deplorable as to justify the headline, "Trying to Steal Munsey's Property." The Journal refers to "the struggle of the little evening newspaper failures, each vying with the others in the effort to steal from Munsey the Globe's circulation that he had honestly bought and paid for" and adds that "those pilfering newspaper failures remind you of unpleasant crows that gather around a dead horse."

THIS is, to say the least, a novel view of the rights and duties of newspaper readers. The combined paper which Mr. Munsey is publishing under the title "The Sun and the Globe" is about as much like the Globe which nearly 190,000 persons voluntarily selected each afternoon on the news stands as Judge Gary is like Senator La Follette, or William McKinley like Thomas Jefferson. Most of the popular features of the Globe which have not been lured into the camp of an enemy, have been assigned by Mr. Munsey himself to his Evening Telegram. If, therefore, those who once selected the Globe should now select the Evening Sun, it would mean either that their tastes have completely altered overnight so that sour appears sweet, and vice versa, or else it would sustain the Journal's extraordinary thesis that these readers, having been bought and paid for, feel themselves under a moral obligation to give Mr. Munsey his money's worth, at whatever pain to themselves. At any rate, a delicate problem in journalistic ethics is here raised, which we respectfully submit to the

Committee on Ethics of the newly-hatched American Society of Newspaper Editors.

THE improved standing of Turkey in the public opinion of the United States cannot have escaped the notice of casual observers. Cynics will point to the Chester concessions and cite Scripture for the persistence with which the heart follows its treasure. Another explanation, which we suggest with reserve, is that Turkey has no propaganda in this country. The press bureau of the Angora government, under the discreet management of Mr. Zekeria, limits itself to sending out official dispatches which trouble no one. Our associations which attend to foreign affairs are not besieged by Turkish ladies and gentlemen available for speaking engagements at luncheon, and altruistic hostesses are not importuned to turn these zealots loose over the teacups. Editors are not asked to open their columns to them, or ministers their pulpits. College presidents do not tremble for their budgets in the fact of itinerant Turkish scholarship, and the Turkish literary movement has not yet reached us. On the whole, we think Turkey is profiting from self-denial in propaganda.

MR. IRVING T. BUSH will draw down the wrath of the National Civic Federation and the Burns Detective Propaganda unless he is more careful. He has visited Russia and has talked with Trotzky, Kameneff, Tchitcherin and others. And he is impressed with the appearance of stability of the Russian government. "I make bold to assert that not one man in America in ten thousand has any idea of the order and generally good conditions prevailing here." The Russian leaders strike Mr. Bush as "intelligent, courageous and sincere in their desire to better the Russian people." They just "lack experience, which will come only with time." Also, he finds that the Russians are genuinely grateful for American relief, and genuinely friendly toward America. He told them they would have to restore American properties before we could do business with them, a bit of advice they took in good part. Will it be said of Mr. Bush, as it has been said of so many other candid observers of Russian conditions, that he has been taken in by specious appearances that do not delude one from the safe distance of Paris or New York?

GOVERNOR PINCHOT is doing a remarkable job in bringing order into the government of Pennsylvania. By recent legislation, the budget is practically placed under the governor's control. The appointive power is greatly extended, and the number of agencies through which public money is disbursed is reduced from 102 to 21. These reforms are not popular with the politicians, nor with those who believe that democracy involves the widest pos-

sible diffusion of power, the most immediate dependence of officials on the electorate. But close students of American state government recognize that our only escape from inefficiency and graft lies in just such concentration of responsibility as Governor Pinchot has effected.

MR. A. B. HOUGHTON, who recently arrived on our shores after representing the United States in Germany, is enjoying a period of retirement so unbroken as to suggest that the boycott of things German includes even our Ambassador to Berlin. Mr. Houghton is a glass manufacturer, and the trade journal of that profession seems to be the only organ of publicity which has secured an interview with him. Mr. Houghton appears to take issue with the view held by influential classes in America, that Germany is rich enough to pay the full sum of reparations demanded and resists merely through stubborn malevolence. In particular, his opinion is contrary to the general belief that Germany deliberately depreciated the mark, preferring bankruptcy rather than payment. If Mr. Houghton is under official restraint, we suggest that Secretary Hughes grant him the liberty ordinarily allowed to diplomatic representatives; if the newspapers do not care to publish his views we submit that it is a case of suppression of the kind to which we have become used—but a peculiarly ungenerous one.

FIFTEEN minutes after the books were opened on America's \$25,000,000 share of the new Austrian loan, they were closed again, the seven percent gold bonds, selling at 90 and a fraction, having been oversubscribed two hundred percent. The British were a little slower, taking an hour and a quarter to absorb their allotment. Similar success is expected from the continent where the bonds are on sale in several capitals. It was not affection for Austria which caused this loosening of the purse strings. The bonds are an excellent investment at the price, and are amply secured, being guaranteed by the British, French, Italian, Czecho-Slovakian, Belgian, Swedish, Danish and Dutch governments. Whether Austria has in reality been saved through the intervention of the League of Nations or, as Nathaniel Peffer maintains in an article elsewhere in this issue, her doom has merely been postponed a little, the type of international cooperation shown in this bond sale represents a forward step in the relationship among the great states which is well worth noting for its own sake.

CHAIRMAN LASKER, leaving the Shipping Board to return to private life, puts some excellent advice in his letter of resignation. He suggests that about two hundred and fifty of the choicest ships in the government fleet should be

operated by the Shipping Board on the eighteen or twenty most important routes, pending the time when private American ship-owners will buy these vessels. Another two hundred ships he would keep as a reserve, equipping both groups with Diesel engines. Of the remaining ships, more than two thirds of the total fleet, he would have the worst, as to design and construction, broken up at once. The others he would sell off for whatever they will bring on the world market. It is the last point in his letter which proves that Mr. Lasker after all, once he gets clear of the poisoned atmosphere of Washington, is a sound business man. What he advises is what Great Britain did years ago; and her loss in consequence has been proportionately but a fraction of our own.

THE part of Mr. Lasker's letter which demands most thoughtful consideration is his insistence that the government must continue to operate two hundred and fifty ships at losses which he himself agrees may be enormous, until private shipowners step in and assume the burden. This is simply his old familiar subsidy argument, turned inside out. Mr. Lasker believes it is desirable to spend huge sums of the taxpayers' money in order to keep a large number of ocean-going vessels under our flag. With the best will in the world toward the idea of an American merchant marine it must be said that no satisfactory evidence has as yet been adduced, either that a merchant marine is so desirable as all that, or that subsidization through the creation of heavy deficits is actually necessary. Mr. Lasker, from the inland city of Chicago, says these things are true; and President Harding from the also inland state of Ohio, agrees with him; but their case remains unproved. Until they can supplant oratory by facts they must expect the country to remain chilly to their efforts.

THE delegation of clergymen and laymen which called upon President Harding in behalf of the oppressed peoples of the Near East presented certain definite suggestions, to wit: An international commission to take care of the refugee situation in general; special assistance by our government to Greece in dealing with the problem created by 900,000 fugitives now within her borders; the clear recognition in the treaty with Turkey of the position of philanthropic and religious institutions; the active diplomatic intervention of our government at the Lausanne Conference in behalf of the Armenian nation. It is only too likely that nothing will come of these suggestions. The delegation, however, emphasized certain principles which have significance and application beyond the region of its immediate concern. One is that Secretary

Hughes's dictum, that "the United States because of its part in the common victory has certain rights, interests, and equities," must be supplemented to include "responsibilities which cannot be evaded." It is a distinct gain to find religious people recognizing that the United States as its contribution to the common victory made promises which it cannot allow its associates to break without becoming a party to the falsehood. Another conclusion implicit in the delegation's attitude is that the action of the United States in withdrawing recognition from weaker nations like Greece because it disapproves of the course of their internal politics, is likely to lead to unforeseen and mischievous consequences.

A Test of Allied Sincerity

SINCE the war there has been much questioning of German sincerity. Were the Germans paying all they could toward the indemnity? Or were they grasping at every chance for evading payment? We have usually ignored the fact that there was also a grave question of the sincerity of the Allies, and of our own sincerity, too. Were our late Allies really seeking nothing more than the largest possible sum of indemnity, or were they bent on destroying Germany? The latest German offer quiets many doubts as to German sincerity. Its reception by the conquerors will test the sincerity of the Allies.

The German government offers for the first time specific guarantees that cannot be defeated by the failure of its citizens to pay taxes. It proposes to set apart the entire railway system, to be operated for the benefit of the indemnity. It offers further to place a ten billion mark mortgage on industry, commerce and agriculture, and to assign the customs on consumable imports other than necessities, the excise on tobacco, beer, wine and sugar and the profits of the spirits monopoly. From these sources about four hundred million dollars in gold should be available for indemnity payment, as soon as German industry gets fairly under way.

These items are, however, proposed only as examples of what Germany is willing to do. Perhaps the railways and the customs and excises might be made to yield more. Perhaps industry, commerce and agriculture might stand a heavier mortgage. Germany announces her willingness to abide by the decision of an impartial international body as to the amount and method of payment. That body would have nothing to say as to what Germany ought to pay. It would simply ascertain what Germany can pay, and indicate how it is to be done.

The defenders of Allied policy have never tired of reiterating that Germany could find her way

back into the society of nations if she threw all her resources on the table and invited the Allies to apply them, so far as they were available, to the uses of the indemnity. That is exactly what Germany has now done. If what the Allies want is the maximum reparations payment, it lies only with themselves to secure it.

But is that what the Allies really want, or is the demand for reparations merely a subterfuge? We shall soon see.

In invading the Ruhr France laid her hand on Germany's throat. Germany must import food to live. In the long run, she can pay for imports only through industrial exports largely originating in the Ruhr. If France holds her grip, food will run short, sooner or later. The Germans may possibly manage to supply themselves until the next harvest and if they do, they can feed themselves until midwinter. After that, if France does not relent, there will be bread riots all over Germany. And there are always revolutionists and counter-revolutionists on hand to profit by widespread disorders. Germany may go the way of Russia, or what is more probable, the industrial parts of Germany may go communist and the agricultural parts turn to Fascism.

It is the fear of such an eventuality that explains the willingness of the German government to offer conditions more subversive of national sovereignty than any modern state has ever offered. This, we must assume, the French see clearly. They see clearly that it is only a matter of months, if they keep their grip, before the German nation must die and be dissolved. And the German nation, as they see it, is their hereditary enemy, and their future enemy, if it lives.

Therefore they will hesitate to accept any offer, however sincere, that permits the German nation to survive. Because they dare not stand isolated in the world, they cannot admit their purpose cynically but must grasp at every available pretext to avoid a settlement that would enable Germany to live and work. A little while ago they were declaring that paper promises would not do; they must have real economic guarantees. Germany offers the guarantees. Now they declare that passive resistance in the Ruhr must cease before they will negotiate. Suppose the German government ordered the cessation of passive resistance; is there anyone so fatuous as to imagine that the Ruhr population would work for the French? Not Poincaré, certainly. He demands the cessation of passive resistance, because he knows that it is an impossible demand.

The position of France is intelligible. She has worked consistently for the destruction of Germany ever since the outbreak of the war. But England, Italy and America have professed a desire to see a chastened Germany restored to a place among the civilized nations. We have never admitted that in making peace we reserved the priv-

ilege of carrying on war indefinitely until Germany collapsed.

Were we sincere in our professions of a desire for reconciliation? The time has come when we must submit to the test. If we wash our hands of the matter and leave France to tighten her grip relentlessly, it will be clear to all the world that our professions are meaningless. If we apply all the influence at our command to compel the placing of reparations on a business basis we shall have proved our sincerity. We can not plead impotence to affect the decision. Our pecuniary claims upon both Germany and France give us a right to demand a seat in the international conference and a voice in its decisions.

Liberals Adrift

FOR more than a year it has been evident that liberalism in America was regaining some of the ground lost during the period of the war. The most notable evidence was the action of Middle Western voters during the election last November in which in half a dozen states conservatives were defeated without much regard for their party affiliation. The widespread popular demand for Henry Ford for President, however much you may deplore it as a fact, is also symptomatic of a general belief that the reactionary forces now in complete control of our national government are hopelessly failing to safeguard the welfare of the common citizen. We may, perhaps, be pardoned for adding that the increasing circulation of *The New Republic*, and the growing frequency with which the daily press quotes from and comments favorably upon its views are additional evidence that the hysteria of war time is relaxing its grip; and that the American people are turning with more favor toward the effort to analyze current social and political problems in the light of a sole desire to see the greatest happiness brought to the greatest possible number of persons.

While the outlook for liberalism in America is thus encouraging, the picture is not without shadows. One of these is the continuing and indeed increasing assault upon freedom of speech and of the press by those self-constituted guardians of our liberties who trust American principles so little that they do not dare bring them out into the open for honest examination. A second and even more serious drawback is to be found in the failure of American liberals up to the present time to agree upon a program or even upon a body of views which may be regarded as their common articles of faith.

This is probably not because they are in essential disagreement with one another. Minor differences, of course, exist; but on the most serious questions which now confront this country it is probably true that a majority of those persons who call themselves liberals or progressives think more or less

alike. Unfortunately it is impossible to make a dogmatic statement on this subject. Whenever liberalism has entered the political arena in the shape of a third party movement, it has been cursed with the great American desire to win, to win immediately, and to win as large a victory as possible. Therefore, its platform has been, almost as completely as those of the old parties, a hodgepodge of compromises, designed to please as many persons as possible, and to alienate as few. It has never been possible to say that such a platform actually represented the existing views of a majority of the persons who were called upon to support it.

This lack of evidence from the original sources as to what liberals really want, the New Republic is endeavoring to meet, at least in part, with the inquiry in questionnaire form which will be found on page IV of this issue, and is also being published as an advertisement in a number of other liberal periodicals. Without expecting too much from an investigation which is necessarily limited to a very few questions, we believe it is fair to say that the results of this inquiry, when finally tabulated and reported, will throw a clearer light upon the state of mind of progressives in the United States than has been possible from any other source—at least, in recent years.

Even if such a body of knowledge were as complete and authentic as possible, however, it would still fail to answer the major question confronting the liberals, which is, in its essentials, a moral one. The United States has been dominated for many years by the two-party system. The idea that a group might enter the political arena without being obsessed by the desire either to win outright or to secure immediately the balance of power between other groups, is one new to our thought and somewhat out of harmony with dominant American ideals. Yet unless American liberalism can abandon the opportunistic desire at once to catch the largest possible number of birds in the widest possible net, its future is certain to be imperilled by its present compromise. In the long run, strength can only be secured by sticking to what we believe, whether it is popular or not.

An Unemployment Fund for 35,000 Clothing Workers

UNEMPLOYMENT insurance for the 35,000 members of the Amalgamated Clothing workers in the city of Chicago became effective on May 1st. Together with a decision of the Board of Arbitration, announcing a wage increase in that market, representatives of the union and of the manufacturers have issued a preliminary statement concerning the unemployment fund, embodying the principles on which the fund will rest.

With the establishment of this fund begins the first substantial attack on the unemployment problem in this country. Before this, unemployment insurance has been limited to fruitful experiments in single establishments and in the small cloak and suit industry in Cleveland. Proposed legislation has been defeated in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts and is still under consideration in Wisconsin. It is a tribute to the quality of industrial leadership in the men's clothing industry that such a far-reaching and pioneer step has now been taken in Chicago.

While the parties to the agreement recognized the intricacy of the problem of unemployment and were aware of the great variety of methods with which it might be attacked, they proposed to make the early stages of their experiment as simple and as clear as possible. All of the rules of the scheme have not yet been settled; nor are they all likely to be settled before the plan has operated for a time. The basic principles have, however, been agreed upon.

The first principle of the scheme is that of joint contribution. Strong reasons exist for imposing the whole burden of the cost of unemployment on the employer. In theory, at least, the reduction of unemployment will be a function of the expensiveness of it to the employer. The history of insurance funds, on the other hand, bears frequent testimony to the ease with which such funds are dissipated. They become subject to an excessive number of improper claims. Unless, therefore, they are adequately safeguarded, they move swiftly into a state of insolvency. With regard to such a risk as unemployment, the need for careful protection of the funds is naturally greater than with the common run of insurable risks. The beneficiaries of unemployment insurance, moreover, undertake to observe certain rules and regulations which there is always a strong temptation to break. Malingering, in other words, can be accomplished with greater facility in unemployment insurance than in almost any other form of insurance. In the light of these considerations, it was deemed the sound procedure to fix the responsibility for raising the fund equally upon employers and employees. The employees, accordingly, contribute weekly 1.5 percent of their actual weekly earnings and the employers contribute weekly an amount equal to that contributed by their employees—or 1.5 percent of the total payroll. In its present form, then, the fund is being raised by a weekly contribution amounting to 3 percent of the actual weekly payroll of some 35,000 workers.

Where insurance funds are initiated and managed by the state, there is little question concerning the permanence of the funds. Repeal of that type of legislation is, in modern experience, rare. With insurance funds arising out of voluntary collective agreements between trade unions and employers' associations, the possibility of a break in

peaceful relations is bound to jeopardize the fund unless adequate provision is made in the contract for such a contingency. This contract between the Amalgamated and the clothing manufacturers meets such an issue squarely, first by entrusting general supervision over the fund to a board of trustees, composed of an equal number of representatives of both parties and one or more neutral members; and second by providing that, in the event of a break, the "Trustees shall have the legal power and the duty to hold and dispose of the fund in such manner as will best carry out the spirit and purpose of the agreement"—that is, for the payment of bona-fide unemployment benefits.

Unlike the system of unemployment benefit in operation in the Cleveland cloak and suit industry, in which an accounting is made every season and refunds are made to employers at the close of each season, this plan in Chicago provides for a continuous fund. Although the clothing industry in Chicago is a highly seasonal industry, the plans for an unemployment fund contemplate, in the long run, meeting the needs of all of the major types of unemployment. It is, at the outset at any rate, considered wise to build a reserve which will in time be sufficient to yield an adequate rate of benefit even during the very long spells of unemployment that characterize a serious and prolonged industrial depression.

Collection of the unemployment fund was started in the first pay-roll week following May 1, 1923, and is now made weekly. In order to build up a reserve and to prevent immediate drains on the fund, no benefits will be paid before January 1, 1924.

If the present business year continues to be an active one, as many think it will, this provision will allow the accumulation of a considerable reserve. When benefit payments begin, they will be restricted to a maximum of five weeks of unemployment benefit to any worker in the calendar year. The rules will be so framed that workers, unemployed by reason of short time, will fare as well under the plan as those on total lay-off.

During the life of the present agreement, also, the rate of benefits is fixed at 40 percent of the full-time wages of the particular individual, so that a man receiving on the average \$45 a week, will be paid when unemployed at the rate of \$18 a week. In no case, however, will the rate of benefit exceed \$20 a week.

Unemployment for which workers are eligible to benefit is defined in much the same terms as in the English legislation, except that many of the elaborate provisions of the English system are here unnecessary. Eligibility to benefit is established when a worker is laid off or on short time by act of management and when suitable employment is not available.

With regard to the matter of strikes and of stoppages the agreement is very emphatic indeed. It states that "no benefit shall be paid for unemployment that directly or indirectly results from strikes, stoppages, or other cessation of work in violation of the trade agreement now in force between the manufacturer and the union." Even such provisions will, of course, be subject to interpretation in the practical administration of the plan; but it is a salutary sign that a collective agreement of this type excludes so emphatically contingencies of this nature.

How far the plan will go in dealing effectively with the problem of unemployment, no one can tell until after it has worked for a number of years. It is frankly in the eyes of its sponsors both an experiment and a beginning. Many of its early benefits will be indirect. The keeping of weekly records of the number of hours worked by each person in the industry, the amount of pay he receives, the volume of overtime and other information of the same kind and the analysis of this material will in a very short time lead to an understanding of the character of the unemployment in the industry far beyond anything that exists today. For the present the problem must be tackled in the dark. In two years the scheme will have yielded statistics superior to any now available in this country.

At the same time the attention of both the employers and the workers will be directed more and more constantly to the problem of unemployment. With the adoption of this scheme, unemployment has become in the clothing industry a subject for collective bargaining, on the same level with wages, hours, and conditions of work in the shop. Any one familiar with the progress in these other fields of union activity will realize what this means for the future of unemployment insurance in the industry. If the plan has any deeper significance at all, it consists in the abandonment by the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of the traditional policy of indifference toward unemployment, so long observed by the official American labor movement.

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DANIEL MEBANE, CIRCULATION MANAGER.

EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY	BRUCE BLIVEN	ROBERT LITTELL
ALVIN JOHNSON	PHILIP LITTELL	STARK YOUNG
	ROBERT MORSS LOVETT	

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JANE ADDAMS	JOHN DEWEY	R. H. TAWNEY
DAVID FRIDAY	H. N. BRAILSFORD	LEO WOLMAN

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Incomes During Business Depression

THE Treasury Department of the United States has just issued its report on the statistics of personal income tax returns for the year 1921. This document furnishes unmistakable evidence that the business depression of 1921 was not so serious as was popularly supposed. It furnishes evidence, too, that the fall in the number of large incomes reported is to be ascribed to speculative losses rather than to a shift to tax exempt securities. The total net income returned and the taxes paid by persons who reported \$1,000 and over was as follows for the four years 1918 to 1921:

	Income	Taxes
1918.....	\$15,924,639,355	\$1,127,721,835
1919.....	19,859,491,448	1,269,630,104
1920.....	23,735,629,183	1,075,053,686
1921.....	19,577,212,528	719,387,106

Wholesale prices had declined from 226 in 1919 to 147 in 1921, and output of basic commodities from 100 percent to 80.4 percent. Yet the total net income reported is practically the same in the two years. The decline from the high year of 1920 to the depression year of 1921 was less than eighteen percent. This is true despite the fact that the number of returns filed was smaller by almost 600,000.

These figures confirm a growing suspicion that the depression of 1921 was much over-touted. Neither bank credit, nor wages, nor savings, nor personal incomes, suffered any such decline as was commonly supposed. The chief burden of the depression fell upon the farmer and upon business profits.

The Exaggerated Depression of 1921

From the report of the Comptroller of the Currency for 1922 we had learned that the total individual deposits in all banks of the country declined only 6.3 percent between June 1920 and June 1921. By June 1922 they had almost regained the high level of two years previous. Loans and discounts during the two years declined only ten percent, while the loan and investment holdings of all banks were only 5.3 percent lower in June 1922 than they had been two years earlier. These facts call for a re-examination of the theory of bank credit and its function in our industrial process.

When the study entitled Business Cycles and Unemployment appeared some months ago, it revealed the fact that the total payments of wages and salaries to all employees of political units and industries other than agriculture had declined by less than eighteen percent between 1920 and 1921. This study was conducted by the De-

partment of Commerce of the United States and by the National Bureau of Economic Research. It revealed the fact that while wages and salaries had amounted to \$38,550,000,000 in 1920, they stood at \$31,476,000,000 in 1921. In manufacturing industries they had declined from \$17,086,000,000 to \$11,676,000,000. In short, wages and salaries in the manufacturing industries had declined by thirty percent, while the remaining workers suffered a decline of only ten percent.

Clearly a depression in which salaries and wages fell only eighteen percent cannot have been as serious as we were led to believe. Nor can it have approached in severity the conditions which prevailed during the depressions of the seventies and the nineties. The sufferings of the masses through unemployment, the soup kitchens, the "tramp armies," were missing in 1921. It is inconceivable that a book like William T. Stead's *If Christ Came to Chicago* should be born out of the situation which prevailed in 1921.

How the Incomes Were Derived

The sources of incomes reported in 1921 are more interesting than the mere totals. The following table shows the derivation of the incomes reported for the years 1919 to 1921.

Sources of Income

	Income		
	1921	1920	1919
Personal Service:			
Salaries, wages, etc.	\$13,813,169,165	\$15,270,373,354	\$10,755,692,651
Business	2,366,318,610	3,205,555,387	3,877,550,454
Partnerships, Fiduciaries, etc.	1,341,186,308	1,701,229,432	1,831,430,243
Profits from sale of real estate, stocks and bonds	462,858,673	1,020,542,719	999,364,287
Total	\$17,983,532,756	\$21,197,700,892	\$17,464,037,635
Property:			
Rents and Royalties	1,177,957,882	1,047,423,738	1,019,094,265
Interest on bonds, notes, etc.	1,690,338,895	1,709,299,428	1,500,779,100
Dividends	2,476,952,399	2,735,845,795	2,453,774,825
Total	5,345,249,176	5,492,568,961	4,973,648,190
Total Income	23,328,781,932	26,690,269,853	22,437,685,825
General Deductions	3,751,569,404	2,954,640,670	2,578,194,377
Net Income	19,577,212,528	23,735,629,183	19,859,491,448

The striking thing about these incomes is the stability of that portion derived from property. While the number of people reporting in 1921 was 600,000 less than in 1920, the amount which they

received in rents, interest, and dividends was almost as large. It was substantially in excess of the year 1919. Profits of corporate business were undoubtedly much smaller in 1921 than in 1919, but dividend disbursements did not suffer. The decline in salaries and wages from 1920 to 1921 was only ten percent, while they exceeded those of 1919 by more than twenty-five percent. This increase in wage and salary payments is almost exactly proportionate to the growth in the number of people reporting in 1921, as against two years earlier.

Profits from Real Estate, Stocks and Bonds

The most striking decrease in incomes is found among those which are derived from business profits, and especially from sales of real estate, stocks, and bonds. Here the depression year shows income less than one-half as large as was reported in the two previous years. Nor does the decline from a billion dollars in the earlier years to less than half a billion in 1921 tell the whole story. The item, "General Deductions," which is larger in the later year than in the two earlier ones, consists largely of net losses on just these speculative transactions. The amounts shown in the table as derived from each source of income, we are told, "are positive gain items reported, and represent the gross income less losses and other deductions applicable to each source. Wherever schedules within the returns show net losses, such losses are included in General Deductions."

The things which happened in the market for securities and real estate during the early part of 1921 are familiar to every one. If the figures for speculative profits were the net figures after deducting all losses, instead of including, as they do, only people who made a net profit on their speculative ventures, the resultant figure would undoubtedly show a net loss from speculation in the year 1921, instead of a gain of \$464,858,673.

The tax payments upon these incomes show no such uniformity as characterizes the incomes reported.

Year	Normal Tax	Surtax	Total Tax
1919	\$468,104,801	\$801,525,303	\$1,269,630,104
1920	478,249,919	596,803,767	1,075,053,686
1921	308,059,422	411,327,684	719,387,106

The income reported was as large in 1921 as in 1919, but the taxes in the later year were only fifty-seven percent of the former. This is the more surprising in view of the fact that large incomes are for the most part derived from dividends, and dividends had not fallen. The immediate explanation of the decline in taxes is to be found in the fact that in 1919 five billion seven hundred and fifty-five million dollars of the income was reported by people who had incomes above \$10,000; and two hundred and eighty-one million was reported by people with incomes of \$500,000

and over. In 1921 less than four billion was reported by people whose incomes exceeded \$10,000; and only ninety-two million by people whose incomes exceeded \$500,000. As a result of these changes in the distribution of the total income among the classes, the surtaxes decreased greatly, in spite of the fact that the rates remained unchanged.

The reason for this decline of income in the larger groups is to be found for the most part in the losses which were suffered on sales of stocks, bonds, and real estate, and in a failure to take gains which might have been taken. The revenue act reducing the maximum rates on surtaxes to fifty percent was enacted into law in November 1921. Its passage had been expected for some months. It was desirable, therefore, to take all possible losses before the close of the calendar year 1921; and opportunities for taking losses were abundant during that year.

This juxtaposition of a change in rates with a speculative market which offered opportunities for taking losses is one which will not soon occur again. The year 1922, with its rising security market, should once more see the incomes in the upper ranges greatly increased. Indeed, the internal revenue collections of income taxes show that this is exactly what has occurred. The normal and surtaxes paid on account of incomes received during the year 1922 will exceed eight hundred and fifty million dollars, despite the reduced rates.

The Farmers Lose Out

The Treasury's report contains one bit of information which goes to show that the burden of the depression fell most heavily upon the agricultural regions. It is not necessary to pile up evidence on this point, but it is interesting to note that twenty-four states which were predominantly agricultural reported net income of \$4,948,691,618 in 1919 and of \$3,775,521,447 in 1921, and that twenty-four states, together with the District of Columbia and Hawaii reported net income of \$14,891,937,796 in 1919 and of \$15,800,982,160 in 1921.

It is gratifying to have information as definite as this concerning the industrial process during the phases of the business cycle. These incomes reported furnish ground for the belief that we have already learned to exercise a large degree of control over that cycle. Certainly the severity of the last depression was greatly mitigated. Neither the workers for wages and salaries nor the recipients of investment income suffered greatly. If some method can be devised to give the incomes of farmers the stability which prevailed in these other classes we shall have robbed the business depression of its terrors for everyone except the enterpriser and the speculator. And these can be trusted to look out for themselves.

DAVID FRIDAY.

Austria: Saved or Duped?

YOU will have heard in America, long ago and often, that Austria has been saved. A dying state has been resuscitated, set on its feet and started once more on the road to prosperity and happiness. You will have heard also that the work of salvation is the League of Nations; and that will have been emphasized to you as proof that the League of Nations is an effective instrument of international action, that its operations are beneficent and its motives benevolent. I do not think I have read anything by League advocates in the last six months that has not dwelt with acclaim on the experiment in Austria.

Here in Vienna we hear the same. In fact, we hear little else. A bright air of optimism pervades Vienna—official Vienna. Viennese officialdom is out to sell Austria to the world. It has changed its tactics entirely. It no longer paints Austria as the poor step-child of the world, cruelly thrust out into the cold to perish. It is crying up Austria now as a good, sound proposition.

It points with pride. The currency has been stable for eight months or more. The printing presses have stopped issuing notes in bales. Confidence is restored. Capital is no longer being exported but is held for investment here. Savings banks deposits are increasing. Austrians themselves are investing in government securities. Economy has been instituted in government. Above all—this above all—the budgetary deficit is being reduced. Austria is out of the slough.

Austria's Despondency Seems Lifting

Now, all that is true. It is not to be denied that a better spirit exists in Vienna and that it has a substantial basis. The days of frantic speculation are over. People no longer put their money into goods as soon as they get it, for fear that the notes will decrease in value by a quarter over night. Nor does the ordinary householder gamble in potatoes, hats, chairs or pencils, buying them and holding them for a rise after another drop in exchange, as he did a year ago and still does in Germany. With the stabilized currency the normal processes of life function again and society has a foundation. Food is more plentiful, though dear. Anything can be bought if one has the price. It is a poor restaurant whose menu does not offer schlagobers, or whipped cream, symbol of luxury to contemporary Vienna after its long starvation of milk and fats. Most important, there is a changed psychology. The despondency of four years has been lifted. The Austrian begins to see a future for himself.

That, as I say, is all true. But it is not the whole truth. The currency is stabilized, savings

are increased, the budget is balanced and there is an air of hopefulness; also I have seen the human cost of these boons. I had become so impressed by them myself and then so suspicious of the ceaseless recital of them that I decided to go outside the bounds of official exhibition and see for myself. I am not so impressed now.

The Terrible Price of a Stable Currency

I have gone into the homes of the unemployed and seen some of the children of the thousands who are fed, when they are fed, by the charity of the labor unions and the Social Democratic organization. The price of a firm currency has been 400,000 unemployed or part-time workers; 150,000 who have been without work from one to seven months; 250,000 who work one, two or at most three days a week. The price of government retrenchment has been sudden unemployment for tens of thousands of officials, mostly of the middle class. For the unemployed there is a dole of from 85,000 to 95,000 kronen, depending on the number of children in the family, or \$1.10 to \$1.20 a week. A loaf of bread costs 6,500 kronen or nine cents; and all prices have been mounting steadily for five months despite bad economic conditions.

I have seen how the unemployed live: two families with four or five children each crowded into flats of two rooms; bedding and furniture sold a piece at a time for food; a diet that shows in peaked children with gray faces and eyes bloodshot under the lids, children of eight with faces of eighteen. One might see the same in the slums of Chicago, but these are not permanent slum dwellers, they are of the artisan or petty bourgeois class, with their own class standards and traditions. Among the employed I have seen the widows, once of the upper and middle class, working for fifteen dollars a month, on which it is impossible to support themselves at current prices, and the educated, those of the professional and academic classes, who have a new suit once in two years and have not bought a book since the war. For a stable currency and a balanced budget a terrible price is being paid by the Austrian masses. Of that side of the shield one hears little from official Vienna or League enthusiasts. Austria is now a good proposition and an example of the beneficence of international cooperation.

The suffering of Vienna today is part of the social cost of the war, as much the liquidation of the war as reparations and payment of loans. Stabilization of the currency was a *sine qua non*, if utter collapse was to be prevented, and there cannot be deflation without a transitional period of

unemployment. So also was government retrenchment. The old bureaucracy was a heavy burden for any state, an impossible one for a state so reduced as the new Austria. The cost would not be too great, if, first, it were equally divided as between classes, and, second, it were successful in purchasing permanent solvency for Austria.

Too much, far too much, is suggested in the plaudits over the League's achievements in Austria, too much is suggested of what it has done, aims to do and can do. What the League plan actually comprehends is an international loan to enable Austria to pay its administrative expenses for two years, so that the government printing presses will not have to continue turning out paper money. In return therefor rigorous conditions are exacted, tantamount to Austria's abandonment of sovereignty. Its finances are controlled. The parliament has, practically speaking, abdicated. The League of Nations commissioner is substantially dictator. Stringent social changes, reforms if you will, are compelled.

Starvation Back of Tariff Walls

Now, man does not live by budgets alone, nor does the well-being of a nation turn exclusively on the books of its administration. Austria is assured the money to pay its administrative expenses for two years. Then what? The same process all over again, more inflation, more depreciation of currency, more charity? Or, assuming that it will have effected enough economies and increased taxes enough in the interim to meet administrative expenses out of its revenues, even so? A state can have a balanced budget and its people still be unable to support themselves. Austria's fundamental problem is not its budget, but its boundaries. By the treaty of peace in 1919 it was cut off from the means of subsistence and then hemmed in by tariff walls raised by the new states around it, the states created by the same treaty. Budget or no budget, currency or no currency, its boundaries must be redrawn or the tariff walls around it broken down, or it cannot survive. It will avail the Austrian people little to have a balanced budget if they cannot get raw materials to manufacture and cannot sell enough manufactured products to pay for food, clothing and shelter. Neither of these root considerations is touched by anything the League is doing. And I think it is highly likely they will remain untouched. For they are within the domain of high politics. The League of Nations is Britain and France. The countries against which decisive pressure must be brought if either of the two basic problems of Austria is to be met are Czecho-Slovakia, Yugoslavia and Hungary, satellites of France and playing French politics in this part of the world.

I come now to the second question: the incidence of the burden of liquidating the cost of the war and reconstruction, especially as provided under

the League plan. Unemployment, heavier taxation, higher prices and shocking poverty have been the results so far; but they were inevitable under any scheme of reconstruction beginning with stabilization of the currency, as any scheme must. What else is involved in the League's program?

I went directly to Dr. A. Zimmerman, the League's Commissioner General and therefore the most powerful man in Austria. Smooth, convincing, the polished corporation-executive type, Dr. Zimmerman unfolds himself without urging, especially when talking to an American—for is not America the land of sound business men with no socialistic nonsense about them? In effect he will bring Austria to rebirth thus: stringent economy in government. And where economize? Reduction of staff, of course, the first and simplest step toward an economic regime. Higher and more widespread taxation is still another. And then less simple ones and more significant: lower pensions, for instance; lower unemployment doles; reduction of various government benefits; further reduction in the army of 23,000, which incidentally is almost entirely recruited from the Social Democrats and the most powerful obstacle to reactionary counter-revolution; and the modification, as he put it, of the eight-hour day. In other words, the whole body of advanced social legislation that is Austria's sole gain from the war that ruined it is to be quietly nullified, forgotten. Of the Social Democratic regime instituted after the revolution that overthrew the Hapsburgs with the collapse of the Austrian armies, much has already been pared away as a result of economic conditions and the renewing confidence of reactionary elements. What little is left will then go, and such amelioration as the Austrian masses have had in their five terrible after-war years will be taken from them. Austria will be back to normalcy, a banker-industrialist paradise more radiant even than in the Hapsburg days when there was so much paternalistic legislation.

The League as Cat's Paw

In still other words, everything that the reactionary elements have hoped to encompass and have not dared themselves, they will now secure by the instrumentality of the League of Nations. Themselves, they could not have succeeded and would not have dared to try. Now they have the cover of the European powers. When that sleek and reactionary gentleman, Mgr. Seipel, heading the government that rests on the combined support of arch-reactionary clericals and over-rich Jewish bankers, wants to abolish a little more legislation that betters by a trifle the lot of the working classes and costs the possessing classes a little more, he need not give open challenge to the still powerful Social Democratic party. Dr. Zimmerman has said in one of his reports to the League that he would support the government to the full

extent of his power. So Mgr. Seipel will go to Dr. Zimmerman. Dr. Zimmerman, being answerable to nobody in Austria, will give orders to the government, Mgr. Seipel's government. The government will "submit"—force majeure—the orders of the League of Nations, Austria's benefactor and protector.

And when I pointed out to Dr. Zimmerman that his retrenchments were all at the expense of one class and asked what share would be borne by the other classes, those more able to shoulder burdens, he was much less definite. Oh, taxes, he told me, taxes of all kinds. And need I say on whom taxes usually fall? So, shorn of all rhetoric and vague assumptions, what the League's work in Austria comes to concretely is this: Austria gets credits to keep its government running for two years. At the end of two years—so far as anything the League does is concerned—it will be where it was at the beginning, dependent on charity or left to drag out a miserable existence to final extinction. The net result of the much acclaimed enterprise of salvation will be that the working classes, now protected by concessions they have won by long

and bitter struggle, will have been delivered unprotected into the hands of exploiters.

I do not mean to intimate that the League should not have intervened when it did. I am calling attention to the character of its intervention and to the false impressions that exist with regard to it. I am pointing out that the League is consciously lending itself as cover for the execution of reactionary designs and I am protesting against the misrepresentations deliberately spread in Europe and America as to what is being done and will be done in Austria. The problem of Austria is not solved. It is temporarily evaded. If on deliberation we believe it is no business of ours to secure for the six million people of Austria a chance for survival; or, if, looking at the temper of Continental politics today, we conclude it is impossible to save them, well and good. But to delude ourselves—and what is worse, the Austrian people—with the belief that we are curing them of a fatal malady when we are only powdering the pimples, is tragic folly or hypocrisy.

NATHANIEL PEFFER.

Vienna.

The Miners Present a Plan

OUT of last year's strike grew the United States Coal Commission. It was charged with finding the pertinent facts about coal, and with making such recommendations thereon as would correct a situation which has become well-nigh intolerable. The Coal Commission has been sitting for some months. It has spent a great deal of money, it has surcharged the mails with questionnaires, it has sent investigators into the field, and some time this summer, its first complete report—that on anthracite—will be forthcoming.

Investigating commissions we have had without number. They are one of the major indoor sports of the republic. They have usually spent a great deal of money and consumed large quantities of paper and maintained a varying array of field agents. But they have not, to date, seriously affected the industrial fabric one way or the other, and certainly have dissolved few, if any, pressing disorders. Their reports may be had by the hundred-weight from the Library of Congress. Is there any sound reason to suppose that the Coal Commission is going to depart from the norm and produce facts and propose remedies that will operate to quench the smouldering fire between miners and operators, that will reduce the outstanding wastes in the industry and that will give us a steady supply of coal at prices which bear some reasonable relation to the true cost of production?

The question is an open one, but, from a recent

document* presented by the anthracite miners, covering an analysis of prevailing anthracite cost accounting methods, it would appear that it will not be altogether the fault of labor if the Coal Commission goes the way of its predecessors. The miners have made a genuine contribution to both the analysis and the solution of the coal problem. Their initial argument runs something like this. The Commission was charged with finding the facts as to costs, profits and investment. On the basis of such facts, it was to make specific recommendations. The cost and investment questionnaires which the Commission has sent out covering the anthracite fields will not produce the desired facts unless steps are taken to define accounts more strictly. In the event that such steps are not taken, any recommendations based upon the figures now being collected, are likely to be largely valueless.

The miners have analyzed with some care the prevailing methods in anthracite accounting. They have pointed out some thirty-six items of cost and investment which are liable to inflation or inaccuracy unless a fact-finding body defines them much more explicitly than the Coal Commission has done to date.

Take the item of depletion, for instance. De-

* Anthracite Accounting and Finance. Statement by the Anthracite Representatives of the United Mine Workers of America. Washington, 1923.

pletion is an amount charged to operating costs each year which is supposed to measure the extent of the actual investment in coal lands which has been dug out of the ground during the year. A coal mine is not like a glue factory which can, theoretically, go on forever. There comes a day when the mine is exhausted. On that day the investor expects his capital back intact. Depletion, with its attendant sinking fund, is the accounting device for giving it back to him. But under prevailing methods, he is not only going to get back every dollar he put in, but an incalculable sum in addition, for the operators have been steadily boosting their depletion rates. They do this on the theory of "reappraising" their coal lands, and "discovering" deposits which have hitherto escaped the attention of their engineers. As the public demand for coal has grown, coal deposits have increased in value; these increments—contrary to sound accounting theory—have been taken up on the books, and depletion rates have jumped in consequence.

The miners, on the other hand, maintain that the Federal Trade Commission is entirely correct when it says that depletion rates must be based on the actual cost of coal lands, and that "revaluations" and "appraisals" and "discoveries" have no bearing in the premises, and that to introduce these elements means to pad operating outlays and altogether to confuse the issue of what it costs to produce a ton of coal. The miners fear that it is precisely such "facts" which the Coal Commission is now collecting with vast assiduity, and tabulating with a maximum of mathematical accuracy. Depletion, the miners claim, jumped from 9½ cents per ton in 1917 to 18 cents per ton in 1918.

And depletion is only one of many items which are open to abuse, and which have been abused, if the numerous examples which the miners adduce in their ninety page document carry any reasonable validity. In depreciation of equipment, amortization of mine development, supplies, mining hazards, maintenance, fuel for power purposes, compensation insurance, salaries, the opportunity for inflating and misrepresenting costs is almost limitless, unless the fact-finding authority is very strict and very specific indeed. In short, the miners are prepared to be exceedingly sceptical of the Coal Commission's facts as to anthracite costs unless these thirty-six items receive a great deal more attention than they have to date. By the same token, the miners are not prepared to be impressed unduly by any recommendations which may flow from such facts.

But the miners in their report to the Commission have not stopped with a critical analysis of cost and investment. They have gone a step further and submitted two tentative plans for the Commission's consideration. The first has to do with holding the profits of anthracite companies—both mining and land owning—to a reasonable rate of

return on what is termed the "investor's net sacrifice" cost; and the second has to do with gradually retiring the private investor over the next fifty years.

In their analysis of prevailing accounting methods, the miners have been impressed by the ever encroaching claims of the investor on the net product of the industry. Such claims they estimate at seventy-eight cents per ton in 1919 (including interest, profit, and depletion) and at \$1.40 per ton in 1922. These figures may be far from exact if a proper cost system were in effect to reveal them, but the fact remains that with every increasing demand from the general public for coal, the investors seek to capitalize that demand in increased fixed charges.

Particularly flagrant is the increasing burden of royalties on the part of investors in coal lands. Thus, the Girard Estate, a land company, was receiving royalties aggregating \$581,593 in 1909, and \$2,562,763 in 1919—ten years later. Some royalty contracts, furthermore, are not fixed on a flat rate per ton, but on a sliding scale depending upon selling prices. The object here, namely, to keep the claims of land company investors always on a par with market demands, is only too obvious.

The miners say:

The law creating your Commission provides for full investigation and report into the causes which induce strikes. We know from bitter experience that the main cause is the ever accelerating claim of the holders of anthracite securities. For every increase in national demand for coal, for every increase in technology and productivity, the investor demands the full increment, keeping prices at the maximum the traffic will bear, and wages at the minimum upon which the miners can be made to exist. There is no solution for the economic problem of anthracite until this intolerable grip is relaxed, until the claims of investors are confined to reasonable limits, the standard of living of the miners permitted to grow with the productive expansion of the country, and the price to the consumer adjusted to these two factors.

Thus the miners propose to set a bench mark which will end the acceleration of investors' claims—insofar as they exceed true investment, and flow from the surplus created from the demands of the community at large. If the Commission refuses to face this situation, or attempts to take refuge in the recent decision of the Supreme Court in respect to valuations, and brings forth only ill-considered suggestions centring about an industrial code which would bind the miners to accept their status as eternal, and the rights of investors in the surplus created by the community as eternal, then, the miners say, it is not peace but a sword.

To direct the Commission's eyes in the more profitable direction of doing something about the encroaching claims of investors, the miners submit their two plans for discussion. They say the an-

thracite industry has achieved the status of a public service. It is as vital to the domestic needs of the community as gas, power, traction or any other public utility. It has been a private monopoly for a generation. It should be regulated as such. Its accounts should be prescribed and open for public inspection.

Under Plan I, the sacrifice cost of its investors should be found and six percent allowed thereon as a reasonable return. The sacrifice cost conception has already found favor in certain public utility valuations, and is the aggregate of what the investors originally put into the enterprise, plus any denials of dividends under a fair rate of return in the past, less any excess of dividends over such a rate in the past. The aggregate of investment so found, furthermore, should be checked and adjusted by the actual cost of investment in physical properties to date. Investment would thus be pegged, once and for all.

Under Plan II, the miners go further and suggest that the present bonded indebtedness of the industry be amortized over the next fifty years, and that the present outstanding stocks be valued on the net sacrifice bases and then be converted into bonds, and also amortized over the next fifty years. The total cost of such a program, including interest and sinking fund, the miners estimate at 27 cents a ton as against the \$1.40 a ton, which, it is estimated that investors are now claiming. In other words, if anthracite investment can be valued on the net sacrifice conception and amortized on that basis, the total cost per ton of such amortization will be about one-quarter of the present demands of investors on the industry. As the capital stock is refunded into bonds, the miners propose that control should pass to the public, or to a combination of the public, the miners and the management.

The point of view which the miners take in respect to the valuation of investment, and in which they follow the Federal Trade Commission and accounting theory generally, is that book investment should be based on actual cost. Unheard-of efforts are being made at the present time to undermine this basis. Every public utility has trained seals in the form of engineers and accountants ready to take the stand and swear to the high gods that cost of duplication, market values, capitalized earning power, or any other device which will increase the claims of private investors as against the public, is the only correct, ordained, scientific and equitable basis. The Supreme Court—Justice Holmes and Justice Brandeis dissenting—in a recent decision is found in the same camp, walruses amidst the seals. The Income Tax Department has ruled that depletion may be based on market values of coal lands as of March 1913, regardless of cost. The miners have no easy road to travel. They have only the accumulated experience of sound accountancy behind them, which says that when investment departs from actual

cost, it enters a field so argumentative and so undependable and so devoid of any sound working basis, that book-keeping becomes a farce, and it were better to throw the books out of the window and frankly allow investors to wade unhampered in the trough, guzzling the last cent that the traffic will bear.

The miners have thus gone completely outside the tacit assumptions of what is proper for labor to argue in industrial disputes. Their report says nothing of wages and working conditions. They have tried to comprehend the whole financial structure of the anthracite industry and have come to the conclusion that wage agreements are largely meaningless in the face of investors' claims which ever tend to absorb the industrial surplus. They would break this vicious circle not by violence, be it noted, or by any revolutionary proposal, but by a sound financial plan which guaranteed to investors every dollar they had put in, plus a reasonable return until the principal is retired. They say:

We believe it cardinal that the anthracite industry should pay what it has to pay for capital and no more. Managers and miners are both paid for their services until they are no longer needed in the business. Then they are discharged. We propose to follow the companies in their quite accurate logic, and suggest that the industry treat capital's services precisely as the services of managers and miners are treated.

These plans, it must be admitted, are suggestive but by no means final. They have not dealt with many important details, such as specific methods of control, pooling and price fixing arrangements, and retail selling abuses. They serve only to turn the eyes of the Commission in the one direction where the solution of an intolerable situation lies. It is the Commission's turn to make the next move.

STUART CHASE.

The Sea

Poets have talked too much about the sea.
Let who would speak of water tell of ways
A river follows, be concerned with haze
Of a dark lake where soon the dawn will be.
Let them, for beauty's aching sake, beware,
Who stand upon the sands in rich amaze,
Of shaping with the mouth a worded phrase,
Lest their thin breath should stain intrinsic air.

If they must cry the sea, the sea, what of
The silence that is beauty's very heart?
What magic will the word hold for tomorrow?
They will have sons who might have known the smart
Of sea song in their blood like joy, like sorrow,
And breathed the better for the secret love.

HAZEL HALL.

Hop In, Noble

SHRINERS. Beaming Babbitts each with a red fez upon his head, embroidered with Masonic gold, with a star, scimitar and crescent, all of gold, with the name of his local temple, with Wa-Wa, Osman, Mt. Sinai and Aleppo, meaning Regina, Sask., St. Paul, Minn., Montpelier, Vt., and Boston, Mass.

The Ancient Arabic Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine. Founded among Masons in 1872 by Dr. Walter M. Fleming; who caught the glamor incurably while attending a meeting of Bokhara Shrine in Marseilles, Fr., when Yusuf Churi Bey was its Illustrious Potentate.

"The Mystic Shrine"—the National Fraternal Weekly is telling the world about Dr. Fleming—"was first started in New York City as a social club proposition." You said it, Weekly.

A social club proposition. 600,000 members. 600,000 fezes. 600,000 Nobles. An Imperial Council every year. Last year, at San Francisco, bank clearings during Shrine week jumped up \$27,000,000. Thoughtful estimators estimated that Washington would be richer by \$70 per capita as a result of its hospitality. Pop. of Washington: 400,000. A sure enough social club proposition.

For a year Washington has been getting ready. For nearly a year the receiving committee of Almas Temple has been in the telephone book. For a year the glow of the distant, approaching Fez has lighted the faces of the realtors, merchants, business men and storekeepers of Washington. Fraternalists bring their own dollars with them.

And here it is now only three days before the big parade. Everything is ready. Thousands of beeves which might otherwise have lived are now only sirloin or tenderloin. The arms turning ice cream freezers could, if only they were one arm, stop up the hole in Vesuvius. Dozens of railroad experts are switching trainloads of Shriners about the map. The British steam yacht Istar has landed a quarter of a million dollars worth of whiskey off the Virginia coast. The framing and lithograph stores have brought up from the cellar all the pictures with pyramids, deserts, sphinxes, or anything oriental and put them in the front window. A sightseeing bus company from New York is being enjoined from operating by the native bus companies. The telephone company has installed a new exchange, and all you have to say is, "Noble, Give me Shrine please." Comfort stations are springing up like mushrooms. Full page ads by clothing houses shout, "Hail, hail, Nobles of Shrinedom." The police have promised to take the extra arm out of the middle of the park-benches. It's cooler sleeping outdoors.

Small corner lunch-counters with a large business

have protected their plate-glass with new pine fences. A sign on the street cars reads "Shriners—Glad-handed—Glen Echo—Amusement Park." A deluge of banners, souvenirs, trinkets, song-books, pennants, fezes, miniature replicas of Nobles. Everywhere a poster shouts out the Welcome of Almas Temple. Sign in a window: "Nobles—Raise—Hell." Everywhere the golden star, scimitar and crescent. In a tailor's window a beautifully clothed Noble, pink china face, red fez, stands, while his pink china wife, with a white fez, sits.

Three hundred thousand are coming, some with their wives. Mostly without, for it's a social club proposition. The city's population will be doubled. Forty high priced special detectives are coming from out of town. Signs everywhere: "Help make Washington safe for the Shriners." Special police regulations. Amplifiers at street corners will broadcast speeches, but will also blare out from time to time: "Beware of pickpockets." A strong anti-Shrine current is running, but not in print. Prominent lawyers are going to New Hampshire for the duration of Shrine Week. Newspaper men, though writing columns of "color" everyday, are forming secret and violent organizations for sabotage.

The automobile committee of Almas Temple provides thousands of little sheets of paper. They are easily glued to the windshield of a car. They read: HOP IN, NOBLE. Almost every car has one. Some people have a good time sticking them on cars known to belong to Catholics. There was a race-riot close by the White House when a Negro named Charlie Noble took one of them literally. A member of the Sabotage Club cut out the IN and enjoys steering straight for every Shriner he sees. HOP, NOBLE! Somebody else pasted one in the windshield of a hearse.

Every other store front displays a two-foot-square portrait of Noble Warren G. Harding, wearing a foolish smile and a fez marked Aladdin.

Monday. Squads of four or five Shriners roaming about. Horn rimmed glasses. It is hard to believe that any of them ever looked hungry. Yet some of them must have had small beginnings. From Nobody to Noble. The Face across the Counter becomes the Face behind the Desk. Puffy, sedentary, prosperous, good natured faces. Men about Main Street. Boomers, Boosters, but not an uplifter face among them. A dream bites into some people's faces like small-pox; with others, like measles, it passes traceless away.

In the centre of the town, swarming fezes. Thousands arrive by every train. The insurance man from El Zaribah (Phoenix, Ariz.) is chewing

gum and reading the Last-Minute Instructions. "Dear Noble Aid," they say, "see that you have in your equipment the Arm Band, the Map of Parade formation, the Official Program, the Guide Book of Washington. . . ." The Noble from Boumi (Baltimore) is glad-handing with other Boumis, while his wife hangs nervously on the edge. So few women came.

The Illustrious Potentate is driving around in a yellow, red and green Buick. The Imperial Potentate has a milk-white Cadillac. Potentate: pronounce Pot to rhyme with rot, not rote.

Crowds move, swirl, bulge, trickle, form ponds, fez-sprinkled puddles along F street. In the window where are sold sectional bookcases stands a life-size camel, stuffed. A special court has been instituted for misdemeanor or felonious Nobles. The Shrine Court.

One of the Papers prints a Fez Column daily. One of the thirteen special cars of Bagdad Temple, Butte, Montana, holds an exhibit of the state's mineral, agricultural and industrial wealth. Irem Temple, from Wilkes-Barre, is giving away rings of anthracite set in a gold band. Washington realtors are begging fellow-nobles to locate here.

Mirza, Gizeh, Karnak, Aad; Zembo, Kazim, Ballut Abyad.

The Transcontinental caravan rolls into town. Thirty, sixty, dirty automobiles, written all over with chalk, stacked high with tents, duffle bags. All the way from Frisco. A little automobile snowball, picking up cars in Reno, in Denver, in Kansas City. Not all have arrived. Somewhere on the great plains leans in the ditch a pathetic Ford, to mark with its whitening bones the rebound of the pioneer.

On Pennsylvania Avenue a sign says "Space reserved for cushion concession."

Jerusalem, New Orleans, La.; Lulu, Philadelphia, Pa.

Down a lost street this hot Monday, twenty-nine government employees are busy printing a Department of Agriculture pamphlet on the care of bees. Bees, out of sight of man, buzzing and brushing against the petals of violet and vermilion and white and silent flowers.

Noble Harding is dedicating the Zero Milestone Monument. With amplifiers. It is hideously hot. Those who escape are recaptured, half a mile away, by amplifiers suddenly shouting at them something about "the highways being the arteries of the Nation."

The amplifiers are in the Garden of Allah. The Garden of Allah is the main reviewing stand in front of the Treasury. It is marked by four monstrous Egyptian pillars, figured with Isises and Osirises and all the hieroglyphic progeny of Tut. The Sphinx isn't here. He couldn't talk.

Some women are sitting in the empty grandstand, fanning themselves, slowly.

Tuesday. The sickened leaves wilt on the trees.

It is early, the light still slants, but people have begun to perspire. In far quarters of the city the air is troubled, shattered with blare of assembling bands. All day long, not a stroke of work will be done in the whole of Washington. Its inhabitants, the old, the youngest, Negroes, soldiers, admirals, retired shoe salesmen, are streaming down to watch the parade. For hours under a molten sky the wire ropes dyke a restless, sweating humanity against the naked blistering avenue. The parade is late. Little Negro boys and pale stenographers are sitting with newspapers between them and the curb. Hours, hours, and heat, heat, heat. A few official or Shrine cars whiz down the empty avenue. Almas fezes walk up and down on errands of efficiency. People are still buying views from windows.

Suddenly necks crane. Miles away, under the Capitol, faint brass music, a thin line which with infinite slowness becomes visible as the parade. The little Negro boy tears his newspaper and gives half of it for the stenographer to sit upon. That figure on horseback a hundred yards away is a policeman. Fifty yards. He is Sullivan, the chief of police. Now he is abreast of us. He is a Roman Catholic. Leading a parade of Masons. Lamb and Lion.

For three hours, with wide spacing and one hundred and ten bands, the Temples march by. Sweating credit men, cashiers, and grainbrokers dressed as Arab sheiks, as Beys, Pashas, with turbans, fezes, turned-up shoes, oriental rompers, Eastern bloomers, embroidered jackets; carrying fifes, tom-toms, banners, bugles, swords, Arabian rifles, bass drums; riding milk-white Arabian steeds, driving camels, giving orders, leading bands, playing Dixie, singing "Iowa, Iowa," marching, counter marching, revolving on the asphalt in elaborate evolutions practised indoors for months, shuffling, goose-stepping, double-quicking, marking time, losing step, looking glum, looking tired, looking strained, rarely looking gay. Potentates steering Roman chariots, divans in Ottoman robes, scimitars, slippers, perspiration, historic accuracy, hideous raw colors, Paris greens, elevated oranges, fire-wagon reds, bottle-pop pinks, frogs, braids, chains, buttons, gilt, trimmings, Zem Zem, Lu Lu, Sudan, Sesostriis, Za-Ga-Zig.

All the paraders look as if they came from the same town.

Heroic pain on the faces of three hundred pound insurance men marching three hours—ten tons of human weight lost on this parade—Negroes gaping open-mouthed. They have been told they like to dress up too much—"A childish passion for mummeries" is not good in a Negro—Here comes Lu Lu Temple, Philadelphia. Have you ever seen it? A sort of synagogue done in Coney Island style—The crowd cheers "Dixie" madly. A crowd of 500,000. The whole town is out.

Somewhere along R Street now, miles from here,

the sick child left alone is crying, crying; the spare auto tire bursts from the heat with none to hear it; the couple in the frame house went down-town early and their milk is souring on the stoop.

Is it a dream? The world rubs its eyes. Can this be? This oriental pageant of 20,000 Christian American business men? Can such people exist? I quote from Mr. Santayana's remarks on Dickens: "But the world is wrong. There are such people."

The parade is over. Slowly the human dams burst, and fezes and ordinary people trickle away to lunch, to the ball-game, to see the sights in the "Approved Shrine Bus." To the sweltering day more heat is added in dry blasts through sidewalk gratings from hotel kitchens. The invasion of public buildings begins. Two wives of Nobles are talking of home affairs in the White House crystal room. Not a yard away is the gilded piano, the only thing on the empty ball-room floor except the large feet of Nobles. Some fezes are on, some off, as they peer at the ex-presidential china. Criss-cross of sightseers. Home talk between sights. "I wrapped them up in some tissue paper." The Smithsonian. Wife of fez is saying: "You can see all the costumes of all the Presidents' wives." A line at the drinking fountain in the Indian division. The Freer Museum. Exit Fez: "Well, we did that in seven seconds." The collarless Noble from Concord, N. H., is looking at the Whistlers, and talking loudly about something else. The collarless Bektash in early youth swallowed a megaphone.

Groups swirl, wander, criss-cross, stop at gaze. Headlines: "380 prostrated by heat." Down by the Union Station the cowboys are holding their Rodeo, bulldogging steers, riding the bucking bronchs. Realtors faint, but cowboys break their arms and legs. Two Americas.

A kind storm threatens, mutters, spills a little rain, breaks up into a shredded sky of blue and black and miraculous opal towers of cloud.

The blue broadens, and with twilight the heat settles deeper upon the town. It will be hot tonight for the Nobles sleeping in the 180 Pullman cars over in Alexandria. Motion has stopped. Crowds revolve upon their centre. Dinner roars out through the open windows of every hotel in town. Other Nobles prefer to consume "Fullmeal" or "Moonshine: full o' pep" standing up outdoors where the sidewalk is man-high with cases of near-beer and the Chanters from Mizpah are rendering "Yes, we have no bananas, we have no bananas today."

The dark settles further down, and the heat with it. Greetings, horns, songs, bands in the distance. A voice: "Oh George, there's a nice girl!" The shoe-shine men are sore because so many Nobles wear white shoes.

Nine o'clock. Rattles, horns, distant bands.

Endless slow procession of automobiles. Nobles in evening dress are sitting talking on running-boards of parked cars. White shirts in the black air. Cries of "Ice cold drink!" Alhambra asks Kalurah to have a real drink with him. Wild Stories. A case for every room. Two Pullmans fitted up as bars. Reservoir valises with a spigot. Horns, bells, rattles. Crowds walking noisily up and down Pennsylvania Avenue. Automobile loads of ten, fifteen. "Ice cold drink here!" Midnight. The stands are still full of crowds watching the other crowds walking by under the illuminations which roof the Avenue like the skeleton of a giant saffron fish. Girls are being picked up, and break screaming away again. Peaceful Nobles have gone to bed. Noisy, good-natured, Coney Island, Broadway, College reunion and ten cent dance-hall are still awake.

Looming through great trees the Capitol dome glows frostily, the mysterious icing of a ghostly wedding cake. Shadowed from this planet-radiance, thousands sprawl and saunter in the heat.

What's it all about? I read in *Some Things an Entered Apprentice (for Masonry) Ought to Know*: "It began with the yearning of the human heart for something beyond the ken of man's moral vision in a search for the unattainable. . . ." And it's ending with (so far as I am concerned):

HOP, NOBLE!

ROBERT LITTELL.

CORRESPONDENCE

[The New Republic welcomes communications from its readers in regard to subjects of current interest, and especially concerning articles which have appeared in its columns. Those of 300 words or less are necessarily more available for publication than longer letters.]

Russia and Civil Liberty

SIR: In your issue of June 6th, Robert Dunn writes very interestingly under the head, *Seven Lies about Russia*. It is the sort of article that ought to do much good in America. It would, I think, do more good, did it not perhaps unconsciously fall into special pleading on some important points. I refer especially to Mr. Dunn's condonation of the Russian attitude toward civil liberty. By Mr. Dunn's own admission, Socialist Revolutionary leaders are still in jail, and, what is worse, they are held as hostages. Papers "devoted to the propaganda of social revolutionary and other parties are not permitted to be published." Raids on Anarchists are frequent. There is a telegraph censorship on material sent out of Russia.

Against these admissions Mr. Dunn sets the fact that heckling is general at public meetings, that criticism of Soviet policies is permitted in some pages of the government press and non-political magazines and in meetings of various sorts. Anarchists are "usually released promptly," while it is commonly believed "that the imprisoned social revolutionary leaders conspired with counter-revolutionists and themselves resorted to assassination in their efforts to overthrow the Bolsheviki."

How weak are these defences will appear when one thinks of what friends of civil liberty—Mr. Dunn among them—would say of similar pleas in the United States. Anarchists and other "Reds" are usually released in America after police raids. It is "commonly believed" in America that political prisoners in the federal penitentiaries and in California were guilty of putting ground glass in bread or of other overt acts against the established

order, but common belief does not make the accusation true. Mr. Dunn, if he went to the right place, could hear very frank criticism of the American government without any police interference, and papers of all sorts now circulate freely through the American mail. In view of these facts, his suggestion that there is as much and more civil liberty in Russia than in the United States is not convincing. And for those who deplore America's lack of freedom, it is cold comfort.

Russia's enemies have doubtless exaggerated her offenses against civil liberty. The Russian government has had a provocation for strict action greater than has existed in the United States. (So firmly established is the Soviet government that not much can be made of this argument of desperate necessity at the present time). Furthermore, Russian Communists do not profess to believe in civil liberty. They are at least not hypocrites. All this may truthfully be said without going so far as Mr. Dunn has gone in condoning Russian conditions.

I make this criticism of an article, which I should like to accept unreservedly, for two reasons:

First, because it is exceedingly important that champions of civil liberty should not incur the suspicion of believing in it in the United States and disbelieving in it in Russia. Some of us want to go on record as believing in freedom for its own sake, and not merely as a strategic advantage for our own cause while we are in a minority.

Second, because those who consciously or unconsciously show so apparent a desire to condone conditions in Russia, which by their own testimony are far out of line with the freedom they advocate in America, will find it difficult to win credence for themselves when they testify on other aspects of Russian life upon which they are in a position to give important evidence.

NORMAN THOMAS.

New York City.

"A Basis of Criticism"

SIR: It is ungrateful to find fault with Conrad Aiken's able article, *A Basis of Criticism*, in a recent issue of the *New Republic*, and I hesitate in venturing two dissenting opinions.

Mr. Aiken says that "man himself, in growing from simple to complex finds himself with constantly diminishing responsiveness to the simple." This is a plausible theory, but in practice it would mean the abandonment of all the simple old (pre-Dantean, says Mr. Aiken) classics by our complex modern readers. I submit that the shift in styles from simple to subtle is not a constant movement from a plain to a complex culture but a back-and-forth movement varying with the generations. Virgil was not plain in comparison with Homer; Beowulf is a highly sophisticated poem; Wordsworth aimed at simplicity; Henry James at subtlety. Men have written always with the knowledge at hand, but successively in plain and complex styles. The march of civilization has not diminished at all our liking for the simplicity of Homer or Bunyan or popular ballads or the Bible.

In his conclusion Mr. Aiken tries to link biographical and historical criticism to "the value of the work of art in proportion as it performs its function." But biographical and historical details can never be a basis for literary judgments, which are entirely consumption-values. Knowing almost nothing about the lives of Homer and Shakespeare, we call their works masterpieces. Of what value is the author's life? Dean Swift wrote a satire for his time; it lives as a story for children. Of what value is the author's intent?

The idea that a writer must be taken into account in judgments of his work is part of the old pointless criticism that Mr. Aiken condemns. In the field of morals we have advanced to the stage of praising the works of Byron and Wilde in disregard of their lives. But in aesthetic criticism we still lag behind with a ludicrous method of commentary. If an author's life parallels his work, we say that he is putting himself into it; if there is no parallel, he is expressing his inhibitions. This formula covers all possible cases, explains everything beautifully, and is worth nothing. We need not know the scientific basis of a rainbow in order to find it beautiful; we need not know the author of a book to estimate its value.

W. L. WERNER.

New York City.

Robots and Reunions

SIR: They are very like the Robots, our "menacing alumni associations," and we, the colleges, having made them, stand in much the same attitude of fascinated horror with which the directors of R. U. R. contemplated their handiwork. Desperately, as our one chance of salvation, we seek to give them souls, or those corporate equivalents of souls, purposes. Obviously and eternally we can, of course, use them for the raising of money, but that fosters the conviction that the only really good alumnus—or alumna—is the dead one who has left his or her entire estate to the institution, and we are not quite ready yet to kill our Robots; we cannot afford to regard our graduates solely as sources of income.

As what then can we regard them? I should like to add one more suggestion to those Miss Hughes has already made in *The New Republic*. Might not the college profitably equip and use her graduates as bureaus of information? That means something far more important than mediums for the recruiting of students.

An actively useful graduate knows what is really going on at his college and is able to talk about it intelligently. He can meet derogatory rumor, not with an ineffectual, "I don't see how that can be so," but with clear and simple statement of the, usually, quite contrary facts. He can answer the boast of some unique advantage in a sister institution with a gentle, "Yes, that is an excellent scheme, adapted from a system we put into operation two years ago," or with a, "Tell me more about that; I am sure our chemistry department would be interested." It sounds simple but its effects may go very deep.

The maintenance of a well-informed membership is task enough for the ablest organization. Alumni publications play an important part and one wonders whether many of the now rather fatuous alumni (and alumnae) gatherings might not be utilized for the stimulation of intelligent interest in the present of the college rather than for sentimental attempts at revivals of its past.

Being youthful is a delightful state when it occurs spontaneously, not when it is reproduced at intervals according to the Dix system. That is why gatherings such as the mid-winter meeting of the Smith College Alumnae Council—when delegates from scores of local clubs in all parts of the country spend three or four days at the college absorbing information to be carried back to their constituencies—are infinitely superior to the usual June reunion.

We must not content ourselves with playing upon the emotions of our Robots; we must stimulate their minds.

MARGARET L. FARRAND.

Northampton, Massachusetts.

The Relation of the Law to Social Welfare

SIR: I am unable to reconcile the theory of law implied in your discussion of labor acts with the theory implied in your discussion of prohibition and censorship. In the former, you treat law as if it were a social institution to further social ends. In the latter, you treat law as if it were the command of a puritanical law giver.

Now there is no doubt that it cannot be both. If the test of labor acts is social, then the test of prohibition and censorship must be social. Should reactionaries assail minimum wage legislation as Red propaganda, the *New Republic* would quickly retort that it was none the less social because the Reds approved it.

By the same reasoning, prohibition and censorship are not necessarily puritanical merely because moralists favor them. Law and morals often touch the same ground but for different reasons. To the church adultery is an individual sin. To the law adultery is a crime because it tends to destroy an indispensable institution, the family. One regards it as wrong because it is an impure act, the other because it involves harmful social consequences.

The fact is that the American courts have uniformly held that prohibition has a social basis. The fact is that the dry states have accepted prohibition because they came to believe it had a social basis. At first a mere majority opinion favored the law. Experience under the law, as often happens, crystallized public opinion. The fact is that commercialized amusement is a social problem because the school population is brought under its influence.

Admittedly there is a social interest in the traffic in intoxicants and in commercialized amusements. It may be that law particularly with respect to the latter is not a practical means to attain the social end. But to discuss it as repression confuses thinking and adds to the difficulties. Let us at least get our thinking clear.

CHARLES S. ALLEN.

San Jose, California.

"Newspaper Morals"

SIR: I have been much interested in Bruce Bliven's article on Newspaper Morals. In general I agree with his views; but I am confident that the trend of the newspapers, taken as a whole, is toward betterment and higher standards. The Canons of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, which are the basis of his article, are in themselves evidence of this trend, being indeed a result of the trend. Too much attention is given by critics to a class of newspapers that is both conspicuous and vociferous, and too little to the great body of journalism, in which is to be found the real expression of professional principles.

CASPER S. YOST.

St. Louis, Missouri.

France and Germany in 1541

SIR: In 1541 a great council met at Ratisbon at the behest of Emperor Charles V and Pope Paul III for the purpose of closing the schism in the Church and bringing the Protestants back to the Catholic fold. Under the leadership of the papal legate, the admirable Cardinal Contarini, who himself had Lutheran leanings, the Catholic party made a number of important concessions, subject however to the final decision of the Pope.

On the other side, the Protestant theologians and some of the Protestant princes were not unwilling to submit to papal supremacy, provided certain of their doctrines and practices would be tolerated by the Church.

The reconciliation, could it have been brought about, would have given an unaccustomed unity to all Germany, and would have greatly extended the power of the emperor. Such German unity was, however, most unwelcome to France, and the French king, Francis I, set about to impede it in every way possible. He remonstrated earnestly against the concessions made by Contarini, declaring that his conduct discouraged the good, and emboldened the wicked; that from extreme compliance to the emperor, he was permitting things to get to such extremities as would soon be irremediable; the advice of other princes also ought surely to have been taken.

While inciting Rome to make demands to which the Protestants would not accede, he secretly gave different instructions to his agent, Granvelle. "He declared to me," says Contarini in a letter to Farnese, "on oath, that he had letters in hand written by the most Christian king to the Protestant princes, exhorting them by no means to make agreement with the Catholics, and avowing himself desirous to learn their opinions, which were not displeasing to him."

The Council of Ratisbon failed of its purpose, a failure that eventually led to the Thirty Years War and to the destruction of Germany as a power and as a nation. It took nearly three hundred years, until 1871, for the broken pieces of Germany to be again welded together into a single whole. Is the same thing going to happen now?

D. R.

Philadelphia.

Duse Now

DUSE, closer to seventy now than sixty, preserves still her old art of featuring nothing, but only of conveying the necessary truth. If you see one of the occasional performances that she is giving now in Italian theatres, you get the impression neither of a woman remarkably young-looking for her age nor of a woman on whom age has set an absorbingly interesting record. What you get is the impression of a slender woman with an extraordinary, interesting mask, with beautiful hands, gray hair and a low poignant voice.

All through the performance that I saw, Duse did not suggest age so much as she suggested a diminished endurance. There was no question of quality but only one of quantity. That is to say you could see clearly that the actress might not be able to go on for so long or so many performances or for prolonged, violent scenes; but it was also equally clear that for what she does do her body lacks nothing and is entirely adequate in the most exact meaning of the word: Duse's body keeps it old coordination, the flow of lines is still perfect and continuous; there is no sense of stiffness or angularity, or, as happens with age, of that lessening in the capacity of the muscles to carry out the immediate intention of the thought and will. The voice is something less clear and vibrant than once but no less dramatic and poignant. Looking at Duse's figure there on the stage you get pretty much what you always got, the sense of a body that has no existence apart from its idea and that is inseparable from what she means to express. Now as always Duse's art is connected with the external, the visible and audible aspect of her, as music is connected with sound. And the ideas and qualities that Duse expresses show still no sign of fatigue, of grayness, of doting egotism, of drouth, but only that old, quivering, subtle, profound passion of absorption with life and response to it that occurs in human living in its most complete moments whether in art or in other manifestations.

Così Sia, the play by Scotti that Duse is presenting, is at best a single, simple line, the story of a mother and her son. It is without D'Annunzio's genius, without the astonishing fecundity of image and color and those almost physical subtleties by which he penetrates and reveals such details of life and character as interest him, and without the defect of this excellence also; but it aims at D'Annunzio's kind of glowing analysis and D'Annunzio's ardent and often false allusion and imagery. And it follows D'Annunzio in its singleness of interest and mood.

In the first act a mother sits beside the cradle of her dying child. The doctor, seeing that no more can be done, leaves. The father, a bull merchant, comes in; he is sorry to lose his son but tells the woman bluntly that such things must happen, no need to go mad over it. If she loves the child more than she does him, there are plenty of other women. He is off to the market. She is to remember to order a suitable funeral for his son, such as suits his father's position. The neighbor woman advises the mother to pray, to ask God to save the boy; and, if God seems too far, to ask Mary the mother of Jesus. Left alone, the mother, who has almost forgotten how to pray, offers the Virgin all her money, her silk dress, her jewelry. That is not enough. She will go in sack cloth to the shrine on the mountain, every year till she dies, creeping there on her knees. That is not enough. Very well then, she will give up the one, secret, dearest thing, her lover. She will never speak to him again, never go to meet him in

the lanes, never wait to see his smile and his white teeth. Presently the child awakes and calls out to her.

In the second act, twenty-three years later, the mother comes in on her way to the shrine at the top of the mountain. A neighbor tells her that her son has returned from America and is coming now from some nearby tavern with some girls and young fellows. It is two weeks since he came back. The son enters with his companions. He does not greet his mother. Finally when he starts away she calls to him. He sends the others off and turns to her. He recognized her at once, he says, but her rags disgrace him and the family. And he tells his mother that he knew of her lover, he has heard him beneath the window and had seen her weeping. Weeping, yes, his mother cries, but no more than that. He will not believe her and says that his dead father stands now between her and him. The son goes away.

The third act is in the sanctuary on the mountain. The old woman has crawled there to die. She stays when the door is shut for the night. She has nothing left now to offer, but she prays Mary to save her son's soul, whom she loves now more than ever. She seems to hear the image speak to her, and she smiles as she sinks to the floor and dies.

That is the single, simple story of the play, worth setting down only because it indicates the framework on which Duse rests her deep and universal conception of the whole idea of the maternal passion in woman and of all love in general penetrating all things, and around which she lives for those two hours on the stage so radiant and terrible a revelation of life.

Duse does not exemplify the art of acting so much as she illustrates the fundamentals of all art. All art, obviously, is concerned with the expression of life. To this purpose the artist is the first means, and after the artist the medium, color, words, sound, whatever it may be, that he works in. Duse's art illustrates first of all the principle in art of the necessity of the artist's own greatness, his sensitivity and power in feeling, in idea, in soul, in the education and fine culture of all these. Her art illustrates the necessity for a fierce and subtle and exact connection between the artist's meaning and his expression of it. It illustrates the universal problem of rhythm in art, of line, emphasis, mood, all rhythm. It illustrates supremely the nature of the poetic as it applies not only to poetry but to every art. And it illustrates the nature of realism in general, especially of that best Italian realism which, as it occurs most of all in sculpture, is so capable of rendering by means of only actual or possible external details the inmost idea.

And so it is that you cannot easily get from Duse's acting a pure acting delight. She is not the actor's actor, as Velasquez is the painter's painter, or Spenser the poet's poet. That is to say you cannot delight in her performance as supreme craft, something that delights whether it is deep or flitting, delights because of the perfection of its brush, its tone, its manner, because of its competency, because of its happy application of the art and the possibilities of pleasure in it by reason of its sheer technical purity and perfection, independent, so far as that is possible, of everything in life outside itself. And it is difficult to take any academic delight in Duse's acting. Something in you withholds you from saying what a beautiful gesture that was, what a tone, what a contrivance in that scene, what reading in this, what technical facility. All these things are good in themselves, of course; they too may be almost in themselves a kind of art. They are means of speaking, dialects for ideas; and, after all, art is art not life. Style, however, in the sense of an added elaboration

and distinction of method, of something in itself creative and separable, style in that separable aspect of technical felicity or skill or tact, Duse rarely has. Style in the sense of a medium which, like a glass over a laboratory experiment, disappears before the matter which it isolates and exhibits, Duse is never without. It is only slowly and almost unwillingly that Duse's art will allow you a stylistic or academic enjoyment. It will not allow that separation of the craft from the meaning; it will not yield itself to the mere choice judgments of a sophistication in taste. Duse will not grant you that kind of appreciation. It is as if she would accept no love but the love for all herself and the cost that follows.

It is only slowly that you see what labor and skill has gone to make up that creation of Duse's soul in the outer forms of an art. You see her bending over the child, you see her carry the pilgrim's staff, the lines of her long garment, the pity of her hands, the wandering of her hands among the lights on the altar. You see suddenly that dumbness, and then that flutter of life through the body. You see that the entire moment has revealed itself to you. You see what this woman knows; and you wonder whether such a knowledge of the human life and soul resolves itself in her finally into tears or into light. But it is only slowly that you perceive this artist's years of study of the lines of statuary—and especially of sculptors like Mino da Fiesole and Desiderio da Settignano and those more delicate realists of the earlier Renaissance, to discover the inevitable lines of grace and meaning, to learn how to study the rhythms of the form in order to free them of all but that last beauty of its own characteristics. And you gradually observe that Duse suggests perpetually a state of music which must have come from a long love and study of that art. And most of all you will see that such a gradation of emphasis throughout the play and so fine and so elusive but unforgettable a comprehension of the entire meaning of the character and theme could come only from a remarkable ability and association with culture and ideas, combined with a poetic and reflective nature, with a courage of mind, and, finally, with something throughout the personality, quiet and taken for granted, a kind of untouched and unstressed and constant spiritual audacity.

STARK YOUNG.

Crystals

Wax-heavy, snared in age-splintered linen, the king's daughter;

The shimmer of her eyeballs blue beneath the lids like thin rain water.

Small and sour the lemon blossoms banked at the breast-bone;

Her two breasts dark of death, and stained a dark tone.

Her lips flower-tarnished, her cheek-braids bulked in rust.

Her shoulders as hard as a wall-tree, frosted with dust.

Precise bone, clipped and grooved, and as sure as metal.

Leaf of flesh built high, like china roses, petal on petal.

Odor of apples rising from the death robes chinks and breaks.

Seeds of pepper falling down from brittle, spiced tomb-cakes.

Her swift cunning impaled on her brain's darkness. She died

Of her heart's sharp crystal spiral pricked in her side.

Six tomb-Gods in basalt make her one of these—

Who lie a million years, listening for thieves.

DJUNA BARNES.

A One-Way Utopia

Men Like Gods: A Novel, by H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.

MEN LIKE GODS is the latest of a long succession of utopias with which Mr. H. G. Wells has delighted and stirred and irritated his contemporaries. While only a brash prophet would have the courage to say that this is Mr. Wells's last, it is by no means the least; for after a succession of thin and meretricious novels, like *The Soul of a Bishop* and *The Secret Places of the Heart*, Mr. Wells is back once more in his old milieu, with something of his old deftness and sense of the comic. *Men Like Gods* may taste like ashes and sawdust to a younger generation that knows not Wells, and that had the misfortune during a Great War to watch the behavior of *Men Like Monkeys*; but there is a large body of readers who will find in Mr. Wells's latest novel a little of the lost flavor of their youth, when Nakedness was a principle, and Progress a shibboleth, when, in short, Modernity was as unashamed of itself as the Main Street in a mid-American or South African town.

Mr. Wells is primarily a satirist entangled in a Mission. Fortunately, in *Men Like Gods*, the satirist occasionally gets the upper hand, and Mr. Wells flicks a whip over the present world of politics, journalism, and religion by the lively method of importing into Utopia, with scarcely the disguise of a name over their worldly nakedness, the infinitely absurd figures of Earl Balfour and Mr. Winston Churchill. In *The New Macchiavelli* Mr. Wells took these gentlemen and their "world" seriously; he now plays with them in the fashion of a cat feinting capriciously against something ponderous and futile, like an elephant. It is not vindictive play; but it is deadly. Mr. Wells never hurt "Altiora and Oscar Bailey" as he has hurt the militant Mr. "Rupert Catskill" who dreams of leading a proud imperial race, consisting of two chauffeurs, an elderly political leader who likes to spend the morning in bed, a courtesan, a couple of movie magnates, and the beautiful and ineffectual Lady Stella—plus Freddy Mush, the Georgian Poet, and Father Amerton, a concupiscent puritan—to the conquest of Utopia.

Conceive of this motley crew being lifted by a mathematico-physical process into a cleaner, sweeter land; conceive of the adventures, the contrasts, the maladjustments as they are revealed through the comments of a harassed intellectual, Mr. Barnstaple (alias Mr. Britling, alias Sir Richmond Hardy, et al), and you have a notion of the sort of fare Mr. Wells turns out of his hamper on this Utopian picnic. The Utopia that Mr. Wells presents to us in 1923 is a fainter, thinner version of one that he has described for us many times before; and by projecting it three thousand years beyond the Age of Confusion and by endowing his Utopian folk with an almost crystalline perfection, he confesses a certain hopelessness about our present fortunes while he confirms his faith in the general meliorist movement of history.

The landscape of *Men Like Gods* is like a dream—seen through a veil. Mr. Wells figures the earth as a garden, trim and ordered and profusely covered with flowers; the leopard ranges through its meadows and hills, as harmless as a housecat; many of the vicious insecta and bacteria have been wiped out; and if lions still exist, they are ready to lie down with the lambs. Over this earth men fly to

and fro, their perpetual ease in movement and adventure making a settled life impossible; they work and play and experiment and wander alone or in small groups, never conglomerating into villages or cities, never knowing a crowd as we earthlings know it—a horse race, a war demonstration, a coronation, a public funeral. . . . Everyone works and no one drudges; everyone moves and no one keeps house; everyone helps himself and no one denies others. The passionate attachments between men and women are contacts rather than ties: habit and sentiment no longer get in their deadly work, here men are like gods indeed, very cerebral gods.

If Mr. Wells's Utopians have a grand passion and a grand quest they lie in the propagation of science and the physical conquest of the universe; this is not merely the dominant note in his utopias, it is a note that recurs perpetually, in *Marriage*, in *The Research Magnificent*, in *Joan and Peter*, in *The Food of the Gods*. These are the poles of Mr. Wells's universe; and their origin is not far to seek: Mr. Wells spent his boyhood in the halcyon period of Victorian science, when the name of Herbert Spencer loomed over Europe as the peer of Aristotle, and he got his education in South Kensington, and listened to the pipings of imperialism as they were carried across the Seven Seas by Mr. Rudyard Kipling. When all is said and done, Mr. Wells has never been able to efface the imprint of this early environment: his Utopia is Crystal Palace, and the men and women his imagination warms to are adolescent Huxleys and Tyndalls, conquering the universe in the way that the Cromers and Kitcheners once upon a time were conquering the dark regions of Africa and Asia.

Mr. Wells's lucid intelligence and his critical insight into the defects of contemporary British society have never been matched with a full understanding of other societies, other environments, other experiences; with the result that the Utopia is a distillate of that thriving mechanical world which men boasted so loudly of at the end of the last century; and though he talk of the perfume of Utopian flowers, the scent that comes to the nostrils is the reek of coal and gasoline. Progress, Movement, Expansion, Increasing Knowledge are axioms, or rather moral imperatives, in Mr. Wells's mind; they are so much a part of his atmosphere that he does not, I suppose, realize that they are there, any more than the man in the street realizes that the air is weighing upon him with a pressure of fifteen pounds per square inch. When Mr. Wells gives his Utopians freedom of movement, which is a good thing, he expects them to be perpetually on the move, which is not necessarily a good thing at all; similarly, when he gives his Utopians the opportunity to perform abstruse physical experiments in perfect laboratories, he seems to expect all his Utopians to find happiness in such work. What would Mr. Wells say to a man like Thoreau, who preferred to stay all his life within a few days' walk of Concord; what would he say to a Chinaman who used gunpowder to make firecrackers—instead of inventing the rifle and employing that excellent weapon to make the world safe for Confucius? By Mr. Wells's instinctive canon, these men are barbarians; because their activities lead nowhere.

Precisely; they lead nowhere; but where do Mr. Wells's science and locomotion lead? They lead, perhaps to the conquest of Sirius, and that achieved, to the conquest of worlds beyond Sirius; and so the game might go on endlessly, I suppose, were it not that one might just as well pin Mr. Wells down at the beginning and ask him whether

motion and knowledge are ends in themselves, or whether they are modes of living, and if they are modes of living, why is conquering the sky a more excellent pastime than lying on one's belly by a pond and watching the insects, as long as there is as much ecstasy in the restrained activity of the second mode as there is in the freedom of the first. If he who knows as the long day goes that to live is happy has found his Utopia, then science and locomotion, which Mr. Wells makes the be-all and end-all of his utopias, are simply two elements in a whole diapason of life-enhancing qualities; and there is no more reason why the human race should go cavorting through inter-stellar space than there is why the true-born Britisher should go rambling through the Orient in search of new principalities to subdue. Mr. Wells's preoccupation with the physical sciences and their achievements is by no means inevitable or essential: it is, rather, highly probable that another generation will be as interested in, say, the intricacies of psychology, and instead of learning simply to control matter people generally will find more fun in directing their own conduct, as mystics like A. E. do now in directing and illuminating their inner vision.

In sum, Mr. Wells's *Utopia* is always a little too strictly Mr. Wells's utopia; and it leaves out a good many things that other people, brought up in a different region, molded by a different tradition, would find essential to their well-being; and when Mr. Wells rules out these variations in the interests of "civilization" he is behaving in the same way that a bureaucrat often behaves towards the culture of an "inferior" people; namely, he assumes as inferior anything that does not contribute to the fulfillment of his own purposes.

In another generation or two a good part of our present-day movements, our mechanical inventions, our paralyzing specializations in science and technics, may seem uneasy escape-reactions, following the line of least resistance; and Mr. Wells's Utopia will seem like the judicial definition of drunkenness—the quickest way of getting out of Manchester. So in the end, I suggest, Mr. Wells's utopias will be interesting to those future generations upon whose fate he delights to speculate, as documents rather than as ideals. Publishers will reprint *A Modern Utopia* and *Men Like Gods* to remind the folk of the twenty-first century what the early twentieth century was like, rather than to get any inspiration as to what the twenty-first century should be.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

Man and Culture

Man and Culture, by Clark Wissler, Curator-in-chief, Division of Anthropology, American Museum of Natural History. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. \$2.75.

TO leap takes courage when you know that you are to land in a sprawl. *Man and Culture* is an expression of just such courage. The gap to be leaped was that between the conventional boundary of anthropology and the boundaries, less conventional, of history and sociology. Students of cultures without written records, of so-called primitive peoples, have been quite well aware that their boundaries were unreal, as fictitious as a definition of zoology in terms of vertebrates or of tropical fauna; but the complex nature of the historical cultures has baffled

the anthropologists, and so for convenience they have continued to observe the time honored boundaries. The simpler data first, has been their plea. Hard pushed by the layman whose interest in the "simple savage" is notoriously slight, the anthropologist might urge that he did not know enough about our own culture or any other historical culture to count it in, the historical monographists had not yet prepared the ground, which invited only to a fall.

That Dr. Wissler has kept his balance as well as he has in *Man and Culture*, is due to self-confidence in applying method learned from much study of the simpler cultures, witness his scholarly and authentic book, *The American Indian*—and to concentrating attention upon economic aspects. Dr. Wissler achieves simplification by excluding, not whole cultures, but, more or less, the non-material traits of society. *Man and Culture* may well be called an economic interpretation of culture.

Culture is described as a congeries of human activities in speech, material traits, art, mythology and scientific knowledge, religious practices, family and social systems, property, government, and war. There is no direct evaluation of these activities, but of them all, according to many implicit indications, material traits are to Dr. Wissler the most significant. Thus he sees culture as a continuum, with nothing important lost, "tribes may come and tribes may go, but culture goes on forever," an accumulating structure. Now in terms of tools, shelter, food, transport, etc., this conception of the continuity and unity of culture is certainly more tenable than in any other terms. Surely it would be difficult to present mythology as a continuous, accumulating structure, or religious practices, or family systems. Government, war, property? Yes, at least within our own culture during a comparatively recent period. Possibly the sense of integration in culture in general is but a subjective interpretation of one's own cultural values, a conditioning of an inborn response, as, turning psychologist, Dr. Wissler would say, one of the ways in which a child is set to the culture of its parents.

As for comparing the continuity of culture with that of the germ plasm and suggesting that we may never know "what is working in culture," that is but a little metaphysical junket on the part of Dr. Wissler of a kind he rarely indulges in. For empirically and very ably he discusses "culture at work," the cultural trait and complex, cultural type, the culture area, the play of invention and of diffusion. Cultural traits such as fire-making by wood friction or head-hunting or use of tobacco or the cultivation of wheat are seen to occur in particular ways or connections that form a complex, complexes in turn combining to form a culture type. Again culture types may be distributed within a range which may be defined as a culture area. How do cultural traits arise and how do they spread? How explain similarities in culture? Reviewed for us is a standing anthropological controversy whether cultural parallels have independent origins or have spread from a common origin. In interesting detail are given histories of the cultivation of maize and of the domestication of the horse to illustrate the spread or diffusion of culture traits.

As Dr. Wissler puts it, the anthropologist is primarily a seeker of distribution data in space and time. Hence, for the anthropologist the chief interest of *Man and Culture* will lie in its analyses of invention and of diffusion, in discussions on how the initial solution is the one that counts in adjustment to environment, on the distinction between

what happens when a new object or idea is carried far afield and dropped into the midst of a strange culture group or when a group itself is dropped into a strange culture; on rates of diffusion; on traits that do not travel; on intermittent distribution of traits; on adhesion of trait to trait; on how the trait complex pattern exercises a selective function in the face of diffusion; on how in order "to take," a new idea must be closely related to an existing complex. Circular diffusion will no doubt be questioned as a non-empirical idea, where only empirical ideas are in order, and still more will be questioned the classification of culture types into mesa, tundra, and jungle as one of those simplifications of history possible only by the omission of facts which do not fit; and belying the sound rule that Dr. Wissler himself lays down, for analyzing similarities in different cultures, the rule that "each specific case must be treated as a problem to be approached by scientific methods," i. e., inductively, not by generality.

Knowing how dangerous is generality, however well supported by illustration, would Dr. Wissler really have us accept the view that incompatibility of culture between mesa and tundra peoples is the cause of war or feud between Orient (mesa) and Occident (tundra)? What of the fact that wars, most wars, notably the last great war, have been fought within the same culture? In this discussion, as in the whole matter of his topographical-cultural substitute for our popular classifications by race, I incline to think that Dr. Wissler has his tongue in his cheek. After pointing out that prevailing concepts of race are untenable by the student of culture, after hinting, at least, of our will to believe that we belong to the superior order, Dr. Wissler deftly replaces the tenet of race superiority by the tenet of superiority in culture, and opines that in the march of culture "onward and upward" which has proceeded with an ever accelerating pace, the centre of Euro-American culture, "the torch of light," is being shifted from Europe to America. One more glory story for American progress, as well as for its conspicuous agents, the stock of Northern Europe (call them Nordics, if you like, grants Dr. Wissler), "the new generation in the family of the world, and the hope of the immediate future."

Not that Dr. Wissler is without misgivings. The pace may be too rapid; even our "wilder and less disciplined" Nordic folk may be unable to stand the strain of our contemporaneous culture. Curiously enough this reflection does not lead to further misgiving about the nature of the culture itself. And yet in an earlier part of the book has not Dr. Wissler defined progress as an elaboration and enrichment of cultural complexes, there being no distinction between "primitive" and "higher" cultures, except in complexity or richness of content? Now if our speeded-up culture is putting us, as Dr. Wissler suggests, in danger of burning out, how does it stand to the test of complexity and richness of content? Not only for all the cultural categories of patterns, but for participation in them by the individual?

A culture may be or may seem to be full in itself and yet be meagre for the individual, as Sapir has lately been pointing out, and this trait appears characteristic of contemporaneous Euro-American culture, an aspect of our life ignored by Dr. Wissler. Nor has he a word about the encroachment of economic traits upon other traits, variety in the economy blinds him to the lack of its elsewhere, standardization does not trouble him nor that intolerance of cultural differentiation which is so notable a trait among

Nordics. Cultural borrowing Dr. Wissler does commend. Let us keep informed, he urges, as to what the other peoples of the world are doing and if we find traits "truly better than ours," let us make them our own. "Truly better"—such an estimate were in itself an evidence of cultural fit, for unless sufficiently like ours to fit into ours, would we think them superior?

From this point of view specifically, of appreciating that with which we can agree, *Man and Culture* is a timely and welcome book, half of it to students of anthropology, and half to those of us who feel that our own culture is "a thing as precious to us as life itself."

ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS.

The Story of an Ishmaelite

The Life of William Hazlitt, by P. P. Howe. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$6.00.

IT is generally understood that Robert Louis Stevenson was planning to write a life of William Hazlitt, when he came upon that ill-starred record of an ignominious passion known as the *Liber Amoris*, whereupon he turned aside to other fields. It would be interesting to have the portrait of Hazlitt by Stevenson, but if the drawing of it had in any way preempted the ground of the present complete and authentic biography by Mr. Howe it would have been a cause of regret. Mr. Howe found a situation to rejoice a biographer's heart—a placer mine, the soil rich in the precious metal of his interest and requiring only to be sifted. The material for a life of Hazlitt is enormous. There are, first of all, his own writings. The source of that extraordinary zest which his critics have marked as the greatest of his qualities was the fact that he wrote directly from his interests and tastes. And these he revealed with unabashed frankness. It was the boast on his shield that he never hesitated "to say as an author what he felt as a man." The *Liber Amoris* was the supreme test of self-revelation; a man who would write that would write anything. Then there are the recollections of his contemporaries. Hazlitt was not a popular man, and in his case hate and fear performed the task of love in recording the minute details of his life. His frailties passed under the observation of Blackwood's men, Lockhart and Wilson, of the Lake Poets and their apologists, of Haydon, Crabb Robinson, De Quincey, as well as the more tolerant eyes of Procter and Leigh Hunt. His connection with Lamb brought him into the sphere of influence of the latter's biography. And with all this wealth of metal the ground had never been worked in any systematic fashion. The recollections of Hazlitt's son and the two sets of memoirs by his grandson represent merely a desultory assembling of a small part of the material. The lives by M. Douady in French and Mr. Augustine Birrell in the English Men of Letters series are to be counted as preliminary surveys and testings of the ground. Altogether Mr. Howe arrived upon a unique opportunity, and by his diligence, thoroughness and acumen he has shown himself worthy of it.

The chief interest of a biography of Hazlitt must be not in the personal relations which he developed and sustained but in the personal substance out of which he spun the threads which he wove into so intricate a pattern. Mr. Howe is a biographer of the scholarly and reticent type; he is concerned with his facts, not with their interpreta-

tion. An imaginative explorer of human nature, of the Freudian school, for example, would doubtless have produced a more brilliant study. But it is to be said that Hazlitt has interpreted himself abundantly and naively. In his case, the usual circumstances of autobiography are reversed. While in general a self-record is rich in the assertion of things done, leaving the motives obscure or distorted, Hazlitt wore his heart on his sleeve for daws to peck at. And Hazlitt paid terribly for thus giving himself away. His enemies saw to that. No man in the modern history of letters took more punishment, except, it may be, Gifford, on whom Hazlitt rained blow for blow and something more. But Hazlitt endured more than this. If it be true that faithful are the wounds of a friend, Hazlitt offered an unexampled mark for fidelity. What his enemies did to him is seen in his letter to William Gifford, Esq., by virtue of his recoil upon them. His correspondence with Leigh Hunt in 1821 shows what friendship made him suffer. After the long review of injuries on both sides, with mutual recriminations, appears a sentence in Hazlitt's postscript: "I want to know why everybody has such a dislike to me." He never found out.

What brought down Leigh Hunt's special wrath was Hazlitt's attack on Shelley: "the sight of brother-reformers cutting and carbonadoing one another in public is, I conceive, no advancement to the cause of Liberal opinion." Hazlitt was as deficient in the sense of propriety as Shelley himself, and still more in that tact which makes social relations possible. And these deficiencies the education which he received among Unitarian dissenters could not remedy. For certain forms of human activity he had a genuine faculty. He was an adept at racquets, and he would have been an ornament to the prize ring. But for the technique of polite behavior he had no aptitude, and thus in the world of society he moved without the protection of color or shell—defenceless except for his blows.

The truth is that Hazlitt was not a gentleman. His essays contain naïve admissions on this subject, revealing unmistakably what a modern critic would call an "inferiority complex." In *On the Look of a Gentleman* he defines his own deficiency, "An habitual self-possession determines the appearance of a gentleman. . . . It must be evident that he looks and does as he likes, without any restraint, confusion, or awkwardness." Hazlitt was given to doing what he liked, but the qualification he could never master. He cannot restrain his admiration for the ease with which Lord Castlereagh transcends the conventional requirements of appearance, and "looks more like a lord than a gentleman." "He sits in the House of Commons, with his hat slouched over his forehead, and a sort of stoop in his shoulders, as if he cowered over his antagonists like a bird of prey over its quarry—'hatching vain empires.'"

It was perhaps this preoccupation with appearance which gave Blackwood's its cue for that bitterest and most resented taunt "pimpled Hazlitt." In *A Farewell to Essay Writing* he takes refuge in stalwart boasting. "Both from disposition and habit I can *assume* nothing in word, look, or manner. I cannot steal a march upon public opinion in any way. My standing upright, speaking loud, entering a room gracefully, proves nothing; therefore I neglect these ordinary means of recommending myself to the good graces and admiration of strangers (and, as it appears, even of philosophers and friends). Why? Because I have other resources, or at least am absorbed in other studies and pursuits." But throughout the essay on *The Conduct of Life*, in which he plays the Chesterfield for his little

son, he returns to his defects, in a spirit of compensation. "Do not begin to quarrel with the world too soon; for bad as it may be, it is the best we have to live in—here." "Avoid a spirit of contradiction both in words and actions." "Always speak well of those with whom you have once been intimate, or take some part of the censure you bestow on them to yourself. Never quarrel with tried friends."

He emphasizes those bodily graces which contribute to that mastery of life which he so entirely lacked. Dancing he insists on as an element of education "because it is of the greatest consequence to your success in life." "I would not have you, from not knowing how to enter a room properly, stumble at the very threshold in the good graces of those on whom it is possible the fate of your future life may depend. Nothing creates a greater prejudice against any one than awkwardness." He dwells on the value of bodily charms in gaining what through his own failure he came to see as the greatest good of life. "Least of all flatter yourself that talents or virtue will recommend you to the favor of the sex in lieu of exterior advantages—no true woman ever regarded anything but her lover's person and address."

In no respect does Hazlitt show more conclusively his lack of mastery of the gentle art of living than in his love-making. In this phase he is incredible; only the hand that drew Bottom could do him justice. It was not the behavior of a gentleman when on a visit to Keswick he fell in love with a country girl and required the intervention of the entire school of Lake Poets to rescue him from a ducking at the hands of more legitimate admirers. The *Liber Amoris* is not the book of a gentleman. But the complete revelation of Hazlitt's ineptitude, as well as of the frankness which made him so engaging as a writer while it left him defenceless as a man, is contained in Proctor's story of his treatment of the episode in which the publication of *Liber Amoris* was only an incident.

Upon one occasion I know that he told the story of his attachment to five different persons in the same day, and at each time entered into minute details of his love story. 'I am a cursed fool,' he said to me. 'I saw J— going into Wills's Coffee-house yesterday morning; he spoke to me. I followed him into the house; and whilst he lunched, I told him the whole story.' 'Then,' said he, 'I wandered into the Regent's Park, where I met one of M(ontagu)'s sons. I walked with him for some time, and on his using some civil expression, by God! sir, I told him the whole story.' Then he mentioned another instance, which I forget. 'Well, sir,' he went on, 'I then went and called on Hayden; but he was out. There was only his man, Sammons, there; but, by God; I could not help myself. It all came out; the whole cursed story! Afterwards I went to look at some lodgings at Pimlico. The landlady at one place after some explanations as to rent, etc., said to me very kindly, "I am afraid you are not well, sir?" —"No, ma'am," said I, "I am not well"; and on inquiring further, the devil take me, if I did not let out the whole story, from beginning to end!'

The second great passion of Hazlitt's life aroused equally the contempt and far more the indignation of his countrymen. To Hazlitt the cause of human emancipation came to be symbolized by Napoleon Bonaparte, and while his old friends who had supported the French Revolution found patriotic relief in hating the Corsican usurper, Hazlitt stood firm. "It cannot but be unfortunate," says Mr. Birrell, with a genial affectation of Mr. Worldly Wiseman, "when a man is doomed to select for his hero the arch-enemy of

his country. It is wisest to hate your country's enemies. The Church allows it, the National Anthem demands it, and the experience of mankind approves it." What, we may inquire, would have happened to Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler if he had continued to proclaim his fatuous admiration of the Kaiser after 1917, if a few years after the war he had made his great work the biography and defence of his idol? And Hazlitt was not a man with the authority of a great institution behind him, and the influence of powerful friends to protect him. He stood up alone. It was doubtless in part the Ishmaelitic tendency in Hazlitt, his incurable inability to behave properly, which was behind his championship of Napoleon; in part, it was his vehement disdain of the declamatory patriotism and conventional falsehood which constituted the propaganda of the time. In any event, the cause of Napoleon became the great passion of his life, and its failure the great tragedy. After Waterloo, to quote Haydon, "he seemed prostrated in mind and body, he walked about unwashed, unshaved, hardly sober by day and always intoxicated by night, literally, without exaggeration, for weeks; until at length waking up, as it were, from his stupor, he at once left off all stimulating liquors, and never touched them after." Years after in his Farewell to Essay Writing Hazlitt bore witness to the effect upon him of this blow:

The success of the great cause, to which I had vowed myself, was to me more than all the world. I had a strength in its strength, a resource which I knew not of, till it failed me for the second time. . . . But my conviction of the right was only established by the triumph of the wrong, and my earliest hopes will be my last regrets.

The character of Hazlitt is more interesting than the facts of his life in themselves, though these latter are interesting enough. His early association with the Lake Poets, his part in the feuds of British journalism, his criticism of literature, the stage and painting, above all, his relations with his contemporaries in that life of London in which literature was almost as much of an institution as in Queen Anne's day—all these make Hazlitt an important figure in literary history. Each division of his field Mr. Howe has explored thoroughly and has left a biography which is a model for workmanlike precision and calm, unprejudiced judgment. It is fitting, though a bit surprising, that upon Hazlitt's contentious, boisterous life should have settled at length this Olympian calm of the perfect biographer.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Contributors

DAVID FRIDAY has done extensive work in the appraisal of public service corporation and as statistical adviser to the United States Treasury. He is the author of Profits, Wages and Prices, etc.

NATHANIEL PEPPER has recently spent some time in Vienna studying political and economic conditions.

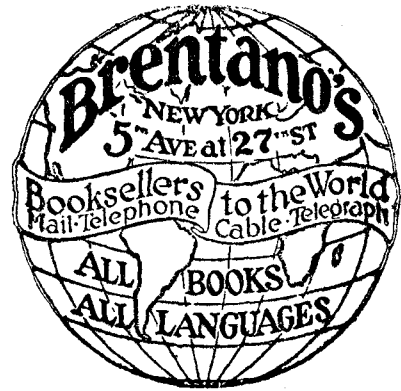
STUART CHASE, Harvard 1910, is now with the Labor Bureau in New York. He is the author of The Challenge of Waste.

HAZEL HALL has for the past five years been a frequent contributor to current periodicals. This spring her first volume of poems, Curtains, was published.

LEWIS MUMFORD's Story of Utopias was brought out last winter by Boni and Liveright.

ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS is the author of Fear and Conventionality, Religious Chastity, Social Freedom, Folk Tales of the Andron Islands, and a number of other books.

DJUNA BARNES has contributed verse to Vanity Fair, Shadow Land and Harper's Bazaar. Boni and Liveright will publish a new book of her poems in the fall.



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